THE SPHERE, JUNE 24, 1939
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The SPHERE

CANADIAN NUMBER

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JUNE 24
1939

THE ROYAL TOUR in CANADA and U.S.A.

fully pictured and described in this issue

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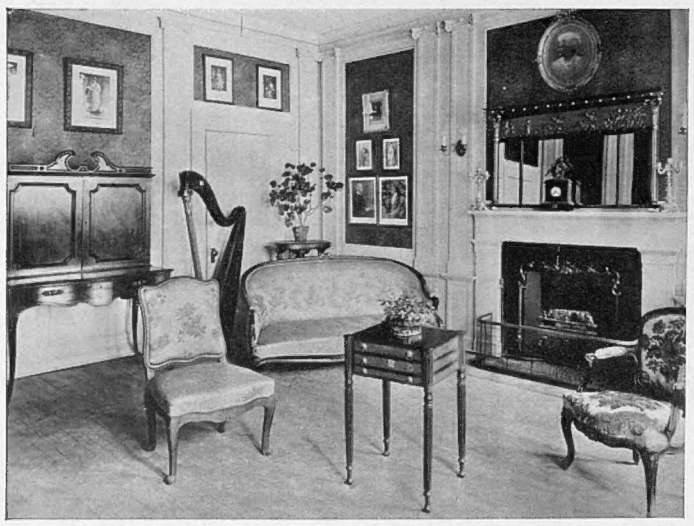
THE Visit to Canada of Their Majesties the King and Queen has been a source of pride and of inspiration for new endeavour to the people of the Dominion.

The occasion offered to Canada the opportunity not only for renewed expression of devotion to the Crown, but also—and for the first time—of loyalty and affection to Their Majesties themselves.

Thus the supreme symbolism of all those enduring ties which unite the nations of the British Empire found a new emphasis and a new form. Canada's warm and heartfelt welcome to Their Majesties has made history.

GOD SAVE THE KING!



A ROOM OF HISTORIC ASSOCIATIONS: The French Salon in the Chateau de Ramezay, one of the oldest buildings in Montreal and the scene of many a notable function in the early colonial days

SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

A HOLIDAY IN THE GREAT DOMINION

Where to Go and What to See During a Summer Visit to Canada

"To travel through so grand a country is a privilege to any man. . . ."

THESE words spoken by the King at Victoria, Canada's western gateway, are an appropriate introduction to an article on some of the outstanding features of the great Dominion from the travel point of view. It would indeed be a privilege to follow the Royal trail, and it is quite possible to do so in the coming vacation by utilising the ordinary services of sea and rail. Shed of its ceremonial and official functions, it would certainly be less strenuous than it must have been for Their Majesties. If you wish to save time the diversion to New York and the visit to Newfoundland could be treated as optional extensions.

A point not to be lost sight of is that the second of the periods of special excursion rates for the north Atlantic crossing is at hand and under these arrangements the traveller is allowed up to twenty-eight clear days in the country from the date of embarkation. A third period from September 25 to October 29 has now been added, and while that may be rather late in the "fall" for visiting some of the mountainous parts to which I shall refer, the great cities are as interesting then as at any time.

Although the journey to Canada is generally measured in terms of the time taken from a port in these islands to Quebec, it is well to remember that long before that city is reached you will be steaming through sheltered waters in the St. Lawrence. In fact, the *Empress of Britain*, flagship of the C.P.R. fleet, which brought the King and Queen from America, has travelled the open ocean in little more than three days. The steamers of this line normally employed on the north Atlantic service are well known to travellers with a fancy for cruising, and the Cunard White Star also maintain an excellent service.

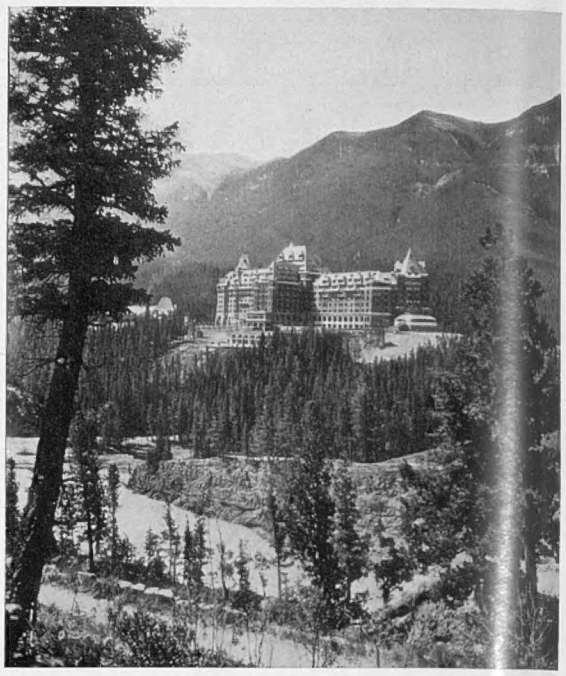
As the shores of the St. Lawrence draw closer together, picturesque villages clustering at the water's edge reveal themselves and behind them forests and farms. The long Isle of Orleans with woods coming down to the shore is passed and Quebec, the cradle of north American civilisation, reveals herself, full of dignity on a rocky headland in a great amphitheatre of hills. Quebec is unique in an harmonious blending of old France and not so old England, the symbol of an understanding never more clear or more cordial.

Through the successive stages of its growth Quebec has kept something from each. It is a city of monuments, and one of the most interesting, to the memory of Wolfe and Montcalm, is in the Governor's garden. In the neighbourhood are many spots to visit, the Indian village of Jeune-Lorette, the shrine of Sainte Anne de Beaupré and the lovely Isle of Orleans, while in the vast province to which the city gives its name are many fine touring grounds.

You will find the Norman touch very pronounced in that other great city of the province, Montreal, much greater in fact if the reckoning is by population. There is a fine panorama from Mount Royal of this great centre of the grain exporting industry at the confluence of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence rivers. Its high buildings revealing influence from across the border, the Victoria Bridge over the St. Lawrence, Notre Dame, one of the largest churches in America, which can accommodate more than 10,000 people, and the McGill University buildings are outstanding features of the scene.

Just outside Montreal there is a wonderful holiday ground in the Lawrentian highlands—rolling hills, pleasant valleys, tree-fringed lakes and charming villages. This, however, is a diversion from the Royal route and

(Continued on page 512)



WHERE THE KING AND QUEEN RESTED ON THEIR TRANS-CONTINENTAL JOURNEY: The Banff Springs Hotel which was exclusively set apart for Their Majesties so that they might have a 24-hour halt in the invigorating Rocky Mountain air before continuing on to Vancouver and Victoria in British Columbia

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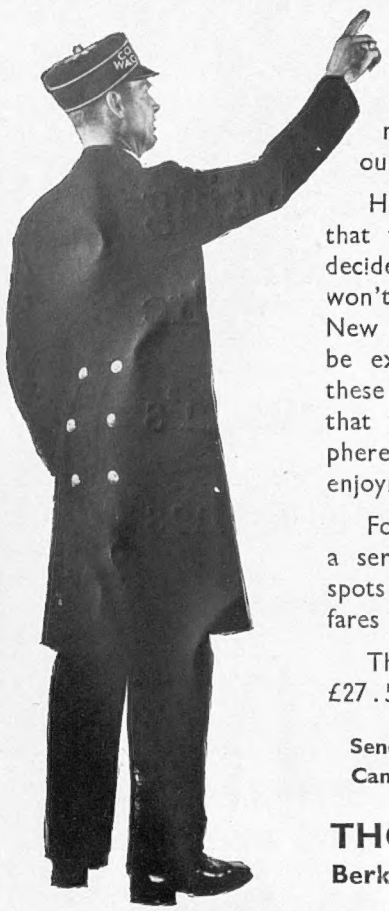

What a welcome! What a spontaneous warm-hearted, tumultuous welcome—not only in the Dominion, but from our American cousins as well!

Here is goodwill for you . . . goodwill that will meet you in your turn if you decide to follow the royal example. You won't get the bands, the cheering crowds. New York's stock of 'ticker-tape' won't be exhausted. But wherever you go in these scenic wonderlands, you will find that friendly, intimate, man-to-man atmosphere that makes all the difference to the enjoyment of a holiday.

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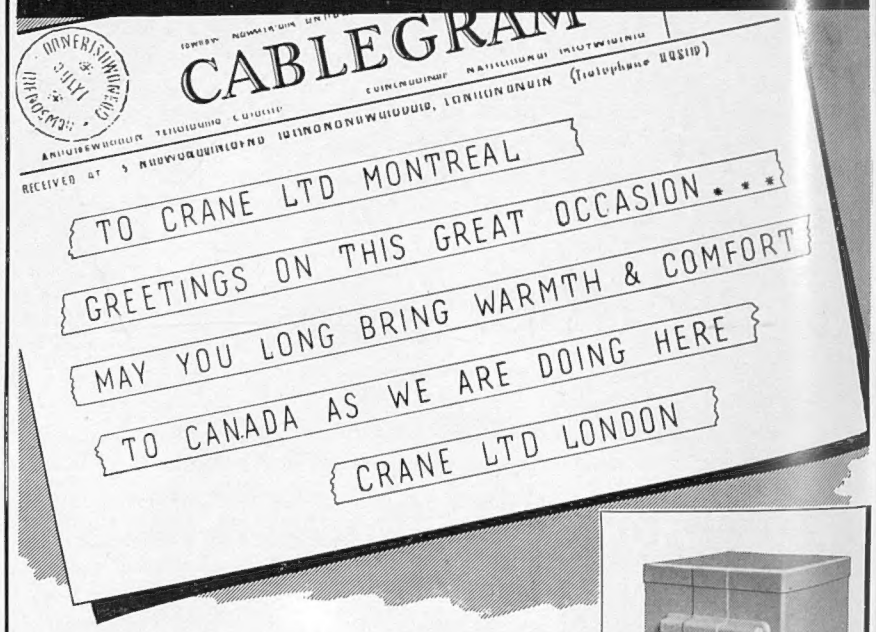

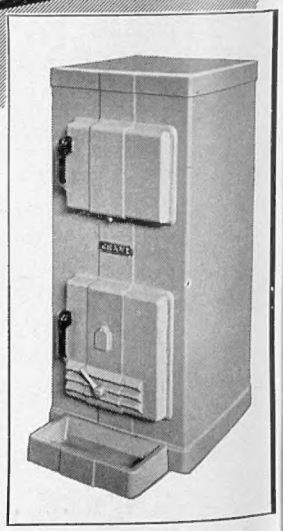

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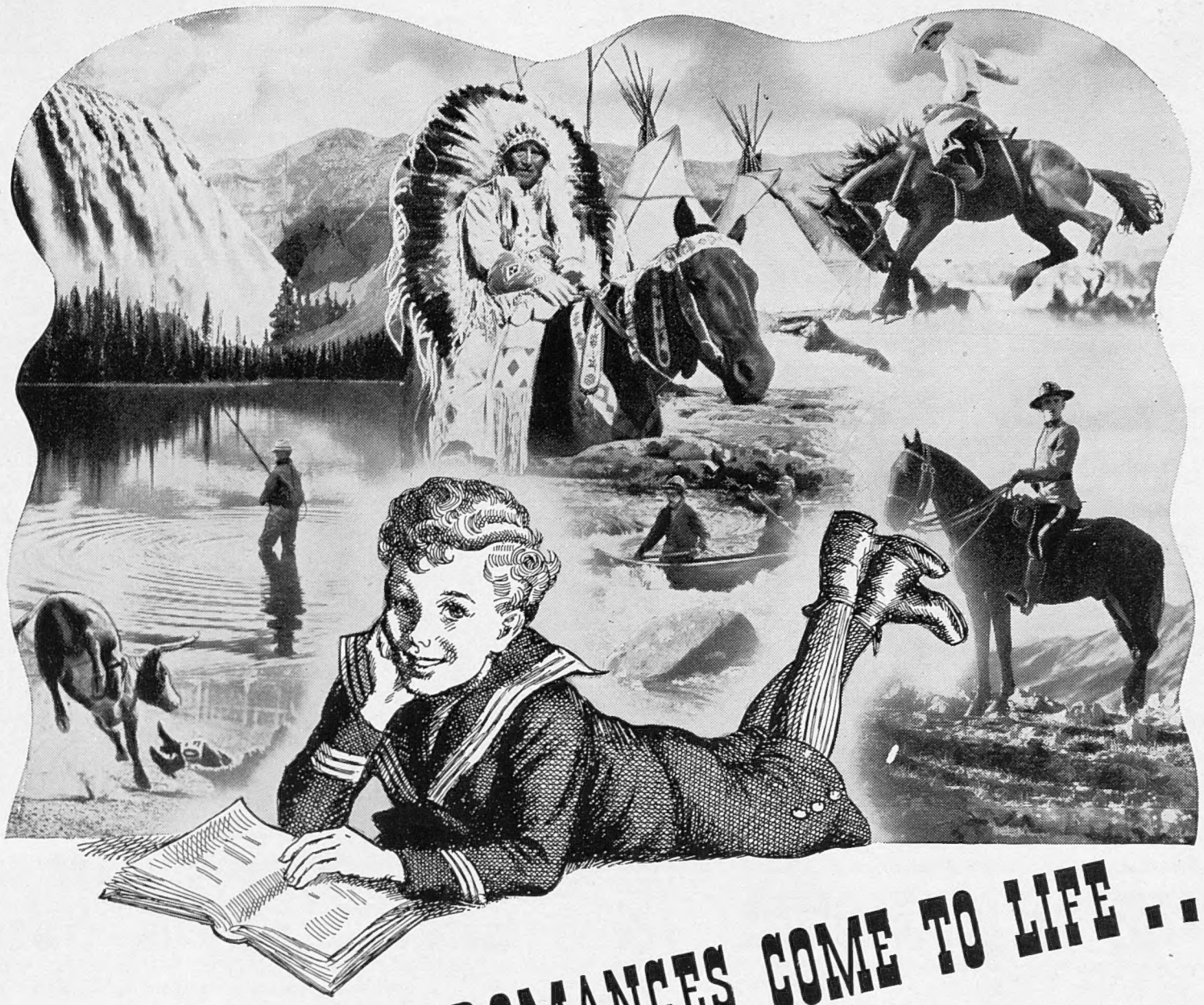

WHERE BOYHOOD ROMANCES COME TO LIFE . .

Do you remember, in the spacious days of Edward VII., a little boy who used to moon over Marryat and Ballantyne, Henty and Fenimore Cooper? He's grown up long since and he's something in the City, but Canada's still there — complete with forests, and falls, mountains and prairies. There are Indians roaming about yet — as picturesque looking as ever, if less fierce. And red-coated Mounties. And cowboys, like log cabins, are part of the everyday scene. There are bits of Quebec looking much as they did when Wolfe's victorious army swept up to the Heights of Abraham. And Niagara and the Rockies haven't changed these thousand years. Yes, if that gentleman in the City has anything from three to seven weeks to spare this summer, he could cross the Atlantic by the Canadian Pacific short sea route, into the smooth St. Lawrence seaway, and re-capture quite a lot of that first fine careless rapture! *Choose from our escorted holiday tours to Canada and the United States. Short tours include visit to New York World's Fair. All-in fares from £49.10.*

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AT JASPER PARK LODGE the King and Queen took up their quarters in this log chalet, where they enjoyed a 24 hours rest before continuing their return journey eastwards through the cities of Edmonton and Saskatoon

A HOLIDAY IN THE GREAT DOMINION

(Continued from page 510)

we must move on to Ottawa, the beautiful capital of the Dominion, to which I have already referred from time to time, then to Toronto with its imposing waterfront on Lake Ontario, and next to Winnipeg, city of wide streets and eastern gateway to the vast prairie area. Part of that long stage should if possible be made by one of the C.P.R. lake steamers from Port McNicoll (about two hours run from Toronto) across Lake Huron to the attractive town of Sault Ste. Marie and through the Soo Canal into Lake Superior, the world's largest lake. The inland voyage occupies two days and finishes at the twin grain ports, Fort William and Port Arthur. Perhaps there will be time for a peep at Kakabeke Falls.

We are now back on the King's route, through the prairie provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta—a journey of 700 miles, from the Red River at Winnipeg to the foot of the Rockies. Out there in the west, Calgary leads off the Canadian season next month with its famous stampede which revives the bustle and excitement of pioneer days. Cowboy contests in bronco-busting, calf-roping, steer-decorating, chuck-wagon racing and wild cow milking are the tough sports they indulge in with great gusto. It is certainly an event to add to your travel memories.

After leaving Calgary the train passes along the glacier-cut Bow Valley and the full glory of the Rockies reveals itself. Deep green forests and massive heights become grander every mile of the way through the passes until a climax is reached at Banff, in a wide circle of pearly-grey limestone peaks, garlanded with pines and lawns.

Banff is the oldest of the national parks in the Dominion and it contains another famous resort, Lake Louise, about 40 miles from Banff and high above the railway. It is superb among the beauty spots of the Rockies. Emerald Lake in the Yoho Park on the other side of the Great Divide is at the end of a seven-mile detour. Linking the three resorts are fine motor roads from which radiate trails created by the park authorities. To the south the spectacular Banff-Windermere highway leads to the Kootenay Park, joining, about half-way, a road leading back to Golden and Emerald Lakes and forming what is known as the Lariat Trail. A delightful way of reaching much of the wilder country is by trail-riding.

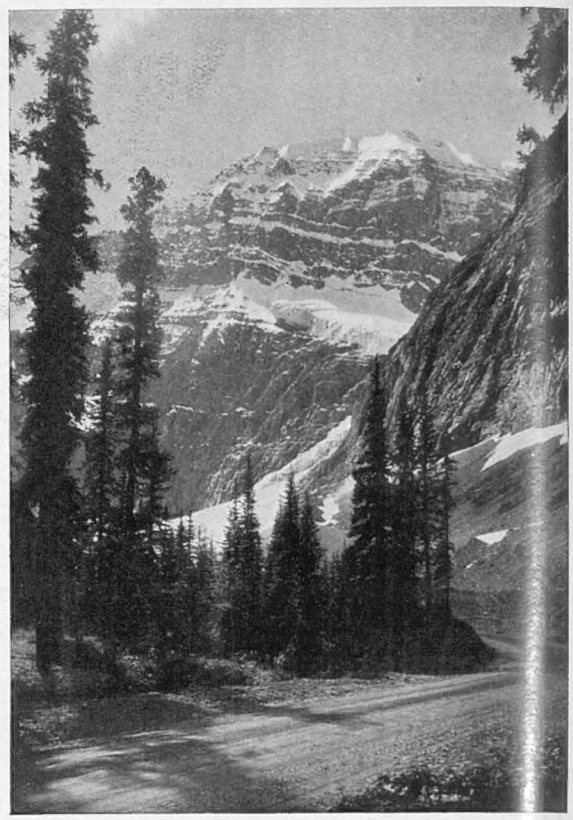
The travel and scenic resources of the Rockies are inexhaustible, and on the way back from the Pacific coast we see more of them.

The next break in the Royal party's 3,000-mile journey back across Canada to Niagara Falls and Washington was at lovely Jasper Park Lodge nestling on the shore of Lac Beauvert, in the largest of the national parks. This immense mountain wilderness of majestic peaks, broad valleys and beautiful coloured lakes on the eastern slope of the Rockies was known at one time as the Glittering Mountains, a more picturesque and very apt name.

There are only two centres of population in the park, one the town of Jasper which contains the head-quarters of the park administration, the Mounted Police barracks and a number of homes—the other is Jasper Park Lodge three miles by motor road from the town. Both are set in a vast amphitheatre which is known as the Athabaska Valley.

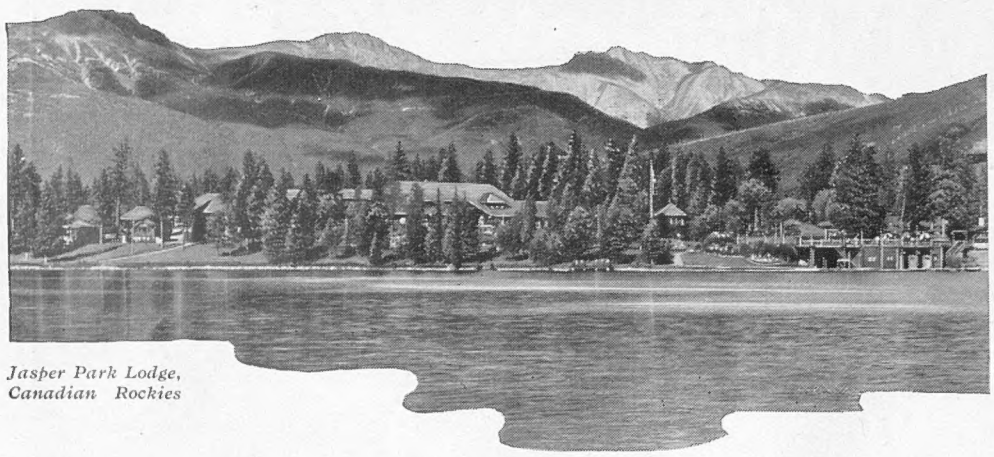
After Jasper the Canadian National Railway line goes to Edmonton, Saskatoon, Winnipeg and then on to Toronto and the Falls. There we will leave the Royal route which afterwards came back through the province of Quebec on the south side of the St. Lawrence and then through Nova Scotia to Charlottetown in Prince Edward Island, before terminating, as far as the mainland was concerned, at Halifax.

Beverley Brooke



AMID THE MIGHTY SOLITUDES OF JASPER PARK: It was in this scenic wonderland that the King and Queen bade farewell to the Rockies before starting homewards

CANADIAN NATIONAL TO EVERYWHERE IN CANADA



Jasper Park Lodge, Canadian Rockies

Canadian National lines radiate through all nine Provinces of the Dominion, reaching the seaports, cities and great industrial centres, its rich agricultural and mineral areas, unmatched vacation regions, and with connecting lines to the principal cities of the United States.

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Open during Tourist Season

JASPER PARK LODGE, Jasper National Park, Alberta
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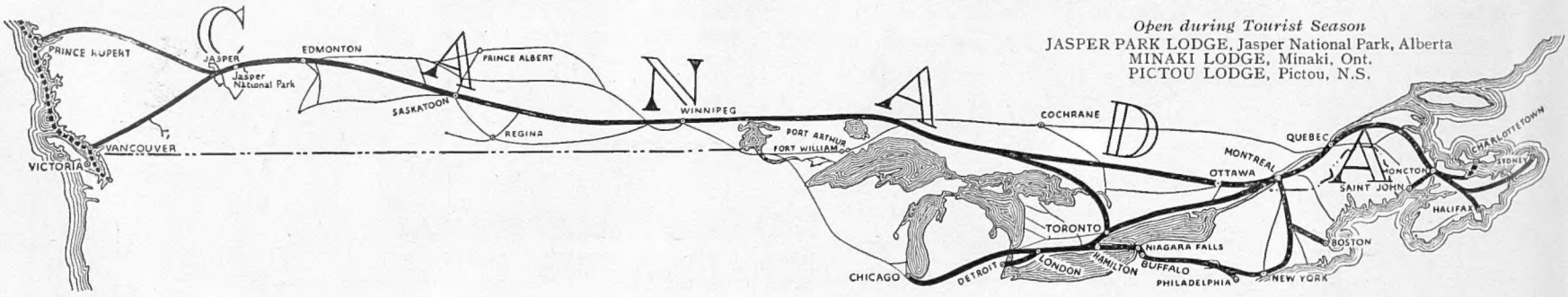

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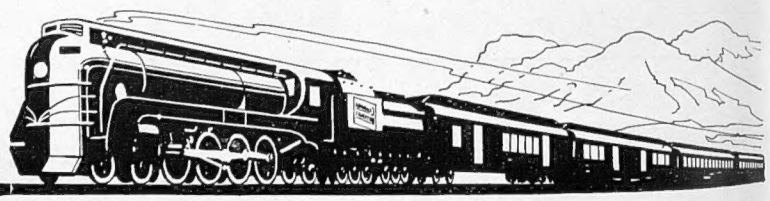

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YOUR BRAIN will acquire new vigour, your mental responses will quicken, your memory will improve, because your brain cells will be adequately nourished.

YOUR OUTLOOK will become increasingly brighter, because of your consciousness of a feeling of renewed youthfulness and vitality.

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"Under the influence of 'Phyllosan' the red blood cells increase in number while their hæmoglobin content rapidly rises."

A Doctor writes:

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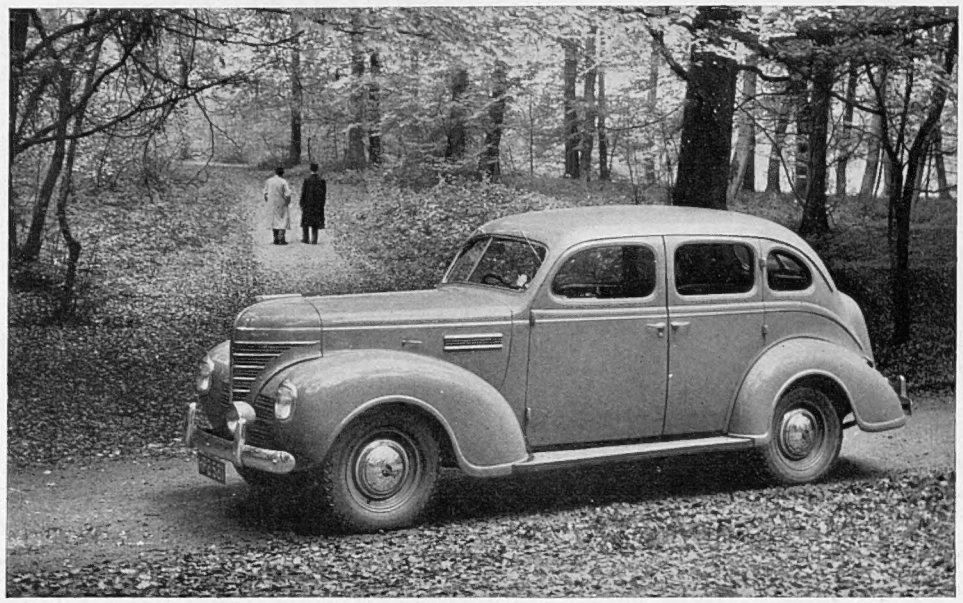
THE 3-LITRE SUNBEAM-TALBOT

Testing the Car which Bears Two of the Most Famous Names in the World of Motoring

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

TWO or three years have elapsed since I drove a Talbot car and it must be almost a decade since I sat in a Sunbeam. So when I was given the opportunity of trying out on the road one of the latest Sunbeam-Talbot models I naturally fell in with the suggestion and in consequence spent a happy week-end. Obviously, any car which is designated by these two famous names in motoring history must be interesting to the average motorist. It is nice to realise that the great name Sunbeam has not been allowed to disappear and now I know that it is tacked on to a car which definitely has character and is a worthy successor of the original I feel unusually pleased.

The actual Sunbeam-Talbot that was placed at my disposal was the three-litre saloon which sells at the remarkably moderate price of £415. In the old days no car bearing the name of Sunbeam and having an engine of that size could have been purchased new at such a price, and so I was a little worried as to whether the performance had been correspondingly reduced. So as to dispel any doubts on the matter I would say here and now that the present Sunbeam-Talbot is a worthy successor both to the Sunbeam and Talbot cars as they were known previously. The engine has six cylinders with side-by-side valves and is flexibly mounted at three points on the frame. It runs smoothly, quietly and pleasantly, no matter at what speed.



FOR LUXURIOUS LONG-DISTANCE TOURING: The Chrysler "Kew" six-seater touring saloon. Three outstanding features in this model are the perfected steering column gear control, dual power transmission and a new type of independent front-wheel springing which allows for perfect steering control over the most uneven surfaces

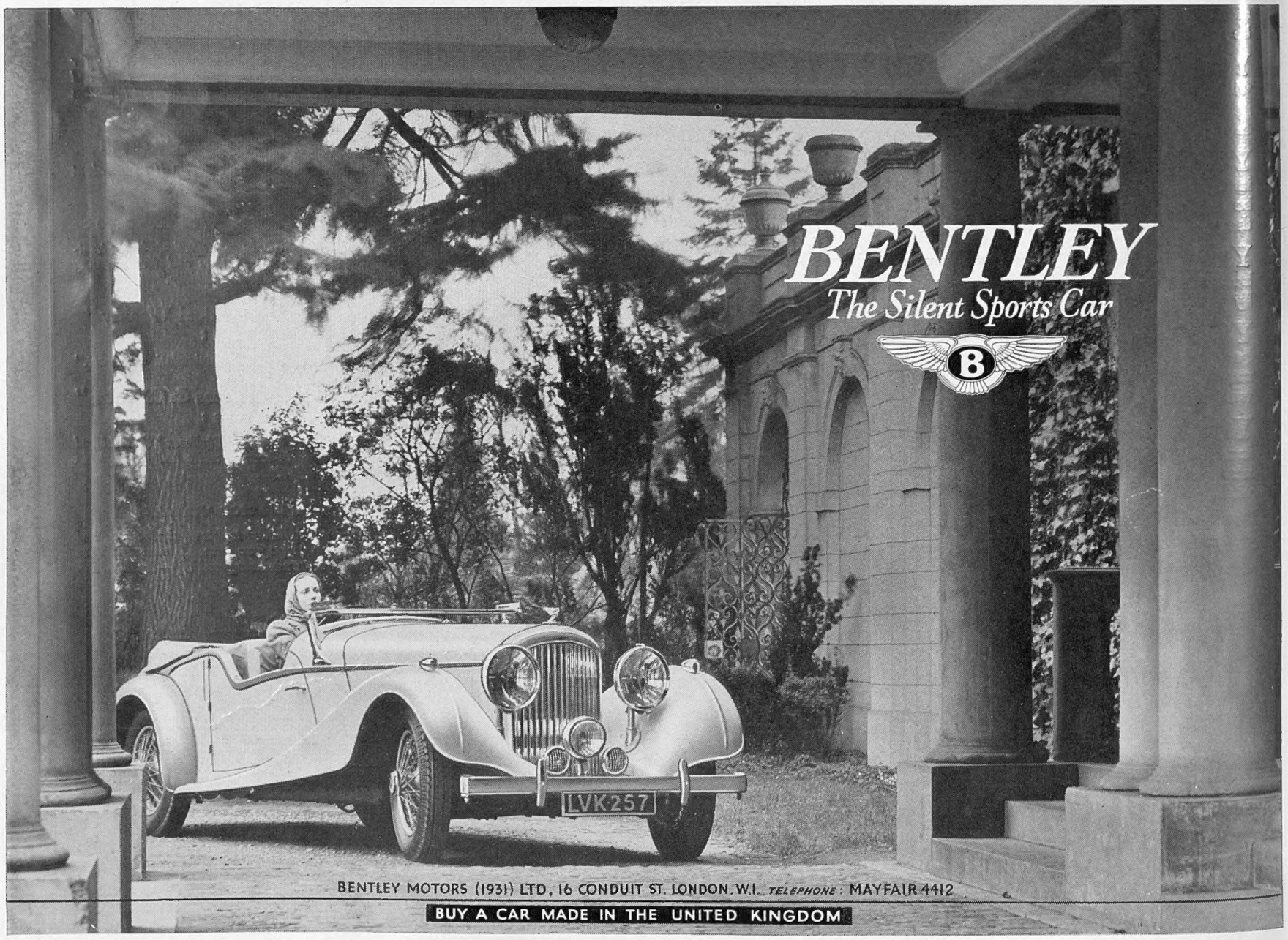
The down-draught carburettor which supplies the engine with its mixture is fitted with an automatic choke, and so when starting up first thing in the morning nothing has to be done except to switch on the engine and press the starter button. This engine is extremely powerful and, although the car is more than usually roomy, speedometer speeds in excess of 80 m.p.h. were attained. At the same time, although I did not carry out any definite tests of the petrol consumption, I noted that the car was economical, taking into consideration its performance and accommodation. The gear-box is controlled by a centrally placed gear lever of stout dimensions and provides the driver with four forward speeds and a reverse. The third and fourth gears are of the synchromesh type but I found in actual practice that the car would do most things on its direct top gear.

The front suspension allows each wheel to work independently of the other, and this design, coupled with the long semi-elliptic springs at the back, gives all the occupants of the car a very comfortable drive. The steering is perhaps a little lower geared than is found on the majority of British cars, but it is not unpleasantly low geared, and I found no difficulty with it even at fast speeds. The brakes are of the well-known Lockheed hydraulic type and I found that they were powerful, easy to operate and fully compensated.

Seldom have I driven a car which was better equipped. Everything that the most fastidious driver or passenger could ask for was to be found. One refinement which I wish I could meet with on every car I drive was the adjustable illumination of the dash-board instruments. Usually the light provided is so bright that it dazzles or the little lamps glow so dimly that the instruments are quite invisible during the hours of darkness. The speedometer, too, was practical and the needle was easily seen, likewise the figures showing the speeds. Incidentally, I noticed that the dial was graded in kilometres per hour as well as the usual miles per hour. The control for the dipping device for the headlamps and that for the traffic indicators were placed in the centre of the wheel sufficiently far out to allow them to be operated by the driver's thumb without taking his hand off the wheel.

Another practical feature which appealed to me was the easy way I could adjust the position of the driver's seat. The designers of the car are evidently motorists themselves, for in addition to the points I have mentioned they have designed windows which are easily opened or shut and a windscreen that can be pushed forward to allow a direct flow of air to enter the car which on one of the days when I was driving was most welcome. A sliding roof is available and fresh air can also enter by means of the swivel ventilators in both front and near-side windows. The body is definitely well insulated from the heat and fumes of the engine so that it is an easy matter to keep the interior of the car properly ventilated. The luggage locker at the back has ample room and opposite the front passenger is a very commodious cubby-hole fitted with a sensible lid. The lines of the body on

(Continued on page 5[illegible]3)



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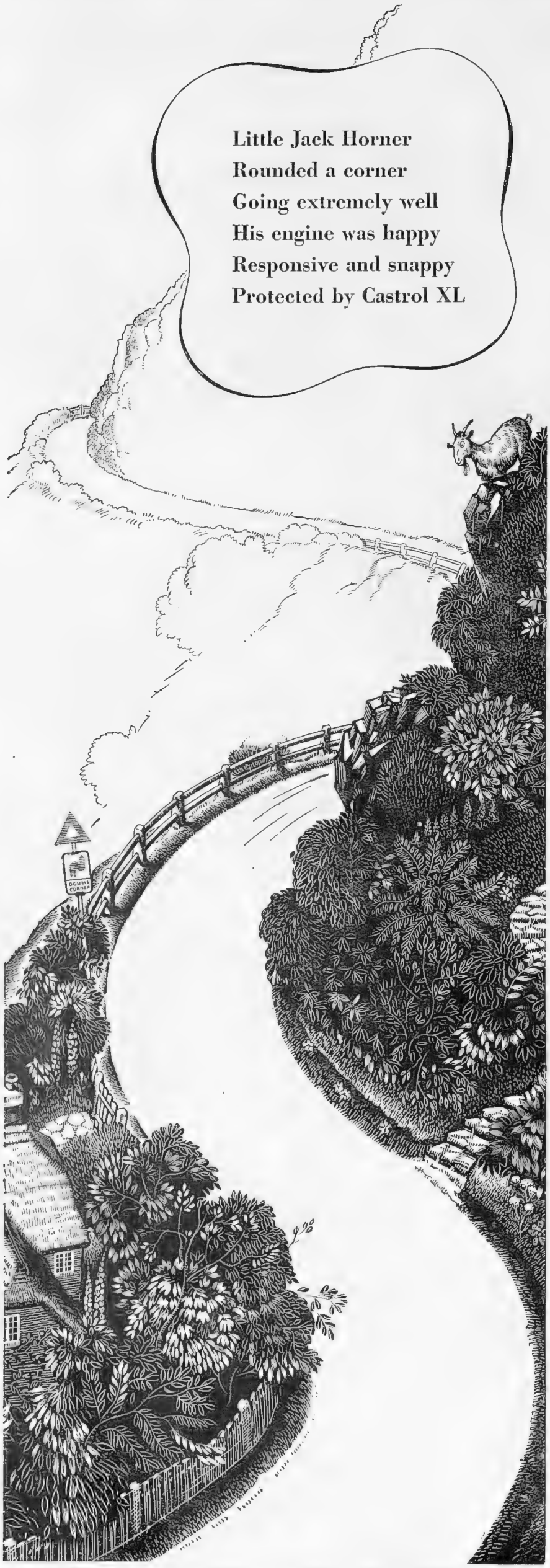

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THE PETROL WORLD *(Continued from page 514)*

the outside are most attractive and, although I did not drive the car on muddy roads, I should think that the exterior would keep really clean under all conditions. The exterior lines are definitely modern but not too streamlined. It is certainly a car with a character and one that should be tried by any motorist who wants a fast, commodious British car at a reasonable price.

A little time ago we read in the daily papers that the Minister of Finance in the Northern Ireland House of Parliament criticised the Royal Automobile Club in connection with the regrettable accident which took place at Newtownards during the Tourist Trophy Race of 1936. The Minister is reported to have stated: "I regret that the promoters of this race, having had their freedom from legal liability settled in the Courts, have declined to make any contribution." I am exceedingly glad to learn that the R.A.C. has written a letter to the Prime Minister of Northern Ireland protesting in the strongest possible terms against the criticism by the Minister of Finance.

The R.A.C. states that the facts are as follows. In 1928 the R.A.C. was invited by the Government of Northern Ireland to hold the Tourist Trophy Race over the Ards Circuit. In discussing the enormous organisation required in connection with a race on the public roads the R.A.C. raised with the Prime Minister as a matter of prime importance the safety of the public. The secretary of the R.A.C. was apparently given the personal assurance of the Prime Minister that the safety of the spectators and of the public generally would be the concern of the Government solely, and that all necessary precautions would be taken to protect them. Nevertheless, the R.A.C., in accordance with its invariable practice, undertook insurances against legal liability for damage to persons or property, and cover of the most far-reaching description was arranged. Immediately after the accident occurred in 1936 the R.A.C. had discussions with the insurance interests concerned and although even at that time they were convinced that as there had been no negligence the Club was not liable for damages, it was decided with the goodwill of the underwriters that an *ex gratia* offer should be made.

Accordingly, in August, 1937, a very substantial offer was made to the legal representatives of the injured parties. This offer of settlement embodied a payment of £500 to the Newtownards Hospital on account of its expenses in connection with the accident. The offer was refused by two of the solicitors concerned on behalf of those they represented. The R.A.C. thereupon wrote inviting counter offers from all of the injured parties. No replies were received to this approach and as a result a case had to be fought. The result was that the R.A.C., its officials and the driver were all completely exonerated from any negligence or blame. Costs were awarded to the R.A.C. and the other defendants against the plaintiff but there appears to be no opportunity of recovering these although certain of the plaintiff's solicitor are to receive a sum of £1,500 in respect of their expenses from the Ulster Government.

I am not surprised that the R.A.C. feel very strongly about the criticism levelled at them, having made an offer of settlement which was refused, and after having vindicated themselves at a trial before a judge and jury in the Courts of Northern Ireland, it now declines to pay out a substantial sum of money from members' subscriptions to meet a liability which the Court has found does not exist. We are accustomed in this country to look upon our Government as definitely anti-motorist and would certainly not expect any concessions from them if a matter of motor racing was under their consideration but, on the other hand, we have always looked upon the Government of Northern Ireland as definitely motor racing minded. There is justification for this view as it was they who approached the R.A.C. to hold their T.T. Race in Ulster during the summer of 1928. The criticism levelled at the R.A.C. by a member of that Government is, therefore, all the more difficult to comprehend.

Motorists visiting the Continent with their cars, and other intending cross Channel passengers, will be interested to know that the Southern Railway fill this summer augment the number of day sailings by the Dover - Dunkerque ferry. "Taking the Car Abroad" is on the increase. Every year thousands are added to the ranks of the "G.B." motorists and, naturally, the Dover-Dunkerque ferry, by which motorists can drive their cars on board and disembark them the same way, is rapidly increasing in popularity. More and more motorists are finding Dunkerque to be an excellent starting-point for a Continental tour. Particulars of the service can be obtained from the Southern Railway.

One of the new Austin Ten's was put through a very interesting test recently. It started from Birmingham, having had its bonnet sealed by Lord Austin, and it then travelled to the four corners of Great Britain in under four days. Over 2,000 miles were covered and the total running costs worked out at under £5. The sole mishap during the four days was one puncture.

The regulations for the Tourist Trophy Race to be held at Donington Park on Saturday, September 2 next, have now been issued by the Royal Automobile Club. The race is for cars of the sports or touring type, equipped with a self-starter and electric lighting set, including a dynamo, provision for all of which must have been made in the design of the chassis. The car need not, however, represent a type that has been catalogued and offered for sale to the public, and manufacturers are enabled therefore to enter experimental models. In order to prevent the entry of camouflaged racing cars the following additional restrictions are imposed:—Superchargers are not permitted, pump fuel is obligatory, a minimum weight and wheelbase based on engine capacity is prescribed, not more than one carburettor per pair of cylinders is permitted, cars must be fitted with bodies complying with the A.I.A.C.R. regulations, including mudguards.

The race is a handicap, the winner becoming the holder of the Tourist Trophy, which was first raced for in 1906. The handicap is divided into five individual classes, and there are, in addition to the Trophy, cash prizes for the first, second and third in the principal race, and for the first and second in each of these five classes—the prize money amounting in all to £750. The distance of the race is 100 laps of the Donington Circuit for the scratch cars. Copies of the regulations, with entry form, may be obtained from the Secretary, Royal Automobile Club, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.

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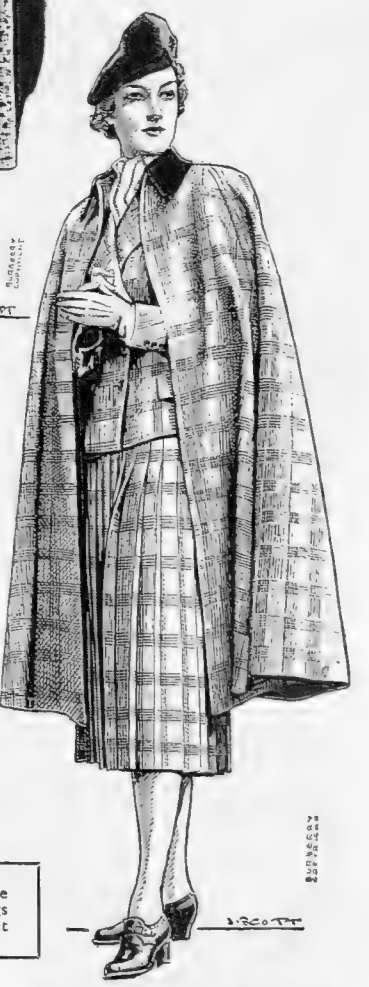

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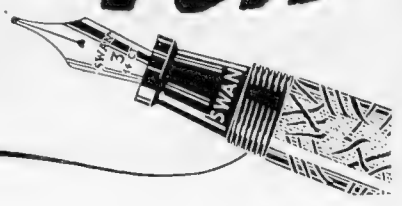

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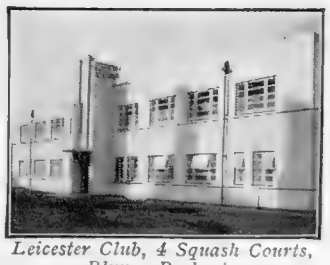

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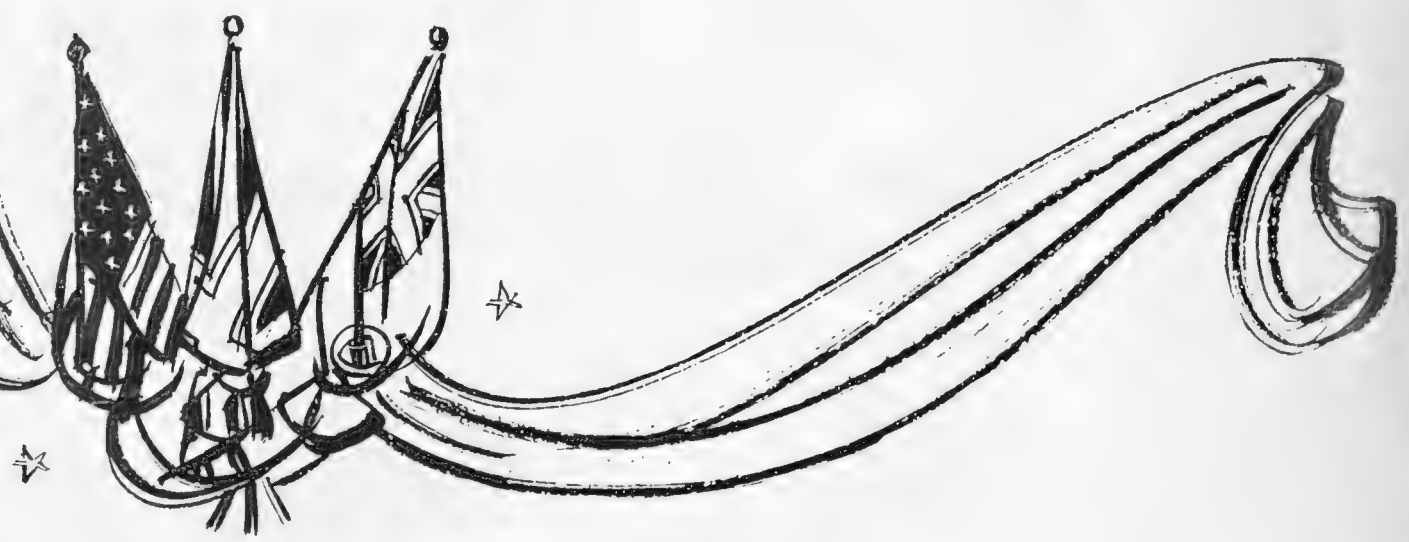

NEW YORK LONDON TORONTO

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, June 24, 1939

KING AND PRESIDENT MAKE HISTORY

The Meeting of the King and Queen and Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt at the Union Station, Washington

"Well, at last I greet you. How are you? I am glad to see you." With these few simple, homely words President Franklin Roosevelt, leader of the great American democracy, welcomed King George VI and his Queen to the Federal capital of Washington, and then ensued what Ambassador Kennedy has so happily described as "perhaps the most important handclasp of modern times." That meeting in Washington's Union Station at eleven o'clock on the morning of June 8, 1939, may indeed prove a turning point in history. Certain it is that the King, by his very dignity and simple bearing, and the Queen, by her graciousness and charm, made an impression on the American people that will not be effaced in this generation. The normally sedate city threw restraint to the winds in welcoming the Royal couple, newspapers came out with streamer headlines declaring "The British Take Washington Again," while in a quite unprecedented ceremony in the vast Rotunda beneath the Capitol's dome Senators and Representatives received Their Majesties with prolonged cheers

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WHEN THE FIELDS ARE WHITE WITH DAISIES: Gathering horse daisies (marguerites) in the meadows at Harvel, Kent. The countryside is looking its best now, with the bloom of early summer upon everything

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34 ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C. 4
Wednesday, June 21, 1939.

HOME AGAIN.—It is delightful to have the King and Queen home again—an immense relief to know that the tour, undertaken at a time of great anxiety, moved on from triumph to triumph with no complications whatever. Week by week I have had a note on their progress—and this last shall be a short one. They never spared themselves. They have done great service to the cause of peace and understanding and set a grand example of dignity and goodwill in international relations. They have had a personal triumph that has few parallels. They read their merits in a nation's eyes, in Canada, in America; and in England during their welcome home. The tour is history now and it will find a place even in the shortest primers of English history to be written in the near and remoter future. And as surely as man is a part of all that he has seen, so surely will this great tour influence the characters of the King and Queen, just as did the India tour of 1905–6 profoundly affect the life and character of King George V and of Queen Mary. They have returned with joy, bringing their sheaves with them, for the storehouse of history and of living memory. I shall say no more. This number of THE SPHERE says a mouthful. *Si monumentum quaeres, circumspice.*

THE COLONIAL SECRETARY FLIES TO GENEVA: Mr. Malcolm MacDonald walking to his plane at Croydon before leaving to submit to the Permanent Mandates Commission of the League of Nations Britain's plan for Palestine

A LESSON TO DICTATORS.—"They set a grand example of dignity and goodwill (that is, good manners) in international relations." That is a lesson of which dictators might do worse than take note. Put in the most cynical way—admitting that the cement which keeps dictators on their pedestals is compounded of hate and discord—dictators would yet lose nothing and gain much personal advantage by taking a few lessons in manners. Granted that they depend for their stability on hatred and war-mongering, they could yet leave this dirtiest of all jobs to their efficient hired assassins of peace and language, and could preserve for themselves a certain measure of dignity and statesmanship which would win them far greater respect among their silent critics—the educated and the middle-aged—in their own countries. Nor need they in the last resort abandon their policy of blood and iron by a modified return to ordinary good manners in their public utterances. "To smile and smile and be a villain" has been tried out with success before now. And the experiment is surely worth trying. It is the contention of thousands of sensible men that good manners may win for dictators more swiftly and with less expense what they seek to secure by insults and bluff and threats.

A MYTH UNKILLABLE.—With deference to the Premier, Lord Halifax, Mr. Eden, etc., I venture to say that, though they break their voices and pens in the effort, they will never succeed in killing the myth which the efficient propaganda of Germany finds no difficulty in keeping alive. What is the history of the myth? It raised its head first at that juncture when the still "new" German Empire was strong enough and expanding enough to go out for European domination and to voice her jealousy of the older nations which had "got in first" in the scramble for places in the sun. At that juncture England still stood entirely outside European political alliances—at the dawn of the century. The first warning that "splendid isolation" would serve no longer was the realisation of the immense strength of the German army and the huge increase in her fleet. We began to tremble for our Pacific bases and routes and we entered once more into the international balance with the naval agreement with Japan. The Kaiser's and the German leaders' policy of hard words forced us into the arms of France. Lord Lansdowne had to work hard enough to get there. France was in 1903 very hostile to Britain while her grievances in Morocco and Egypt and elsewhere remained unsatisfied. Appeasement was made easier with the help of King Edward's tact and social gifts which German press propaganda twisted daily throughout 1905 into Machiavellian chicanery directed to encircling Germany; and Germany continued the race in armaments. Thereupon we began to treat with Russia (exactly as to-day), seeking to bring her into a peace front to resist German aggression. And, just as to-day, right up to the hour of doom in 1914, the cry of Germany was "encirclement," and the race to arms never slackened. Did we or France or Russia want war in the years 1904–14? The efforts made to avert it give the answer; for they went not much less far towards the confines of humiliation than did Mr. Chamberlain's in 1938.

CAPTAINS ALL: Captain Fresson, Captain des Roches, Captain Bizard, and Captain Chevalier of the French Army team of riders which came over to England last week to compete in the military jumping competitions at the International Horse Show at Olympia. Italian officers have also been taking part, this being the first occasion they have appeared in the arena since the start of the Fascist regime

THEN AND NOW.—If the myth was unkillable in 1904–1914, how can we hope by counter propaganda to kill it now? For now we speak to padlocked ears; but then the world's press was comparatively free and men could read what they wished to read of the opinions of other nations. To-day, too, Germany's controlled propaganda is efficient enough to perpetuate the most fantastic lie. Then, also, Germany's economic needs were not so clamant as they are to-day. Her rulers, then, held their positions more securely. They had far less reason to believe that only by constantly keeping alive the sense of national insecurity, by constantly stimulating hatred and the encirclement myth, would the nation endure the rigours of their regime. If the myth could not be killed before 1914, how can it be scotched to-day, when to all these more unfavourable factors we must add the stimulus of revenge for the debacle of 1918? We waste our breath and lose our dignity in the effort. There are times when it is very difficult not to adopt this fatalistic attitude, while

admitting that it is the statesman's and the journalist's bare duty to drive on in the hopeless effort—to kill the lie which will not die, the lie nourished on a tonic of blood and iron. But it is depressing to read of the demands of responsible people for one more new ministry—of propaganda—to achieve the impossible. A Ministry of Propaganda is utterly alien to the spirit of our race and ideals. It is, moreover, a dangerous two-edged weapon. It invents more myths than it kills and has been responsible for more lies than truths.

AMERICA — BACK TO BRASS - TACKS. — America has returned to hard facts after her romantic holiday interlude. The Senate debate over a bill to change the present limit on the amount of bonds which the Treasury may issue has once more drawn attention to the national debt. It now stands at over forty billion dollars, twice what it was when Mr. Roosevelt's Administration took office. Under present legal limits it is within five billion dollars of the end of borrowing. And the complacency with which the position is regarded in many quarters adds stimulus to the voice of criticism. Government spokesmen declare that the American debt compares favourably with England's. In truth in the last ten years the American has increased more than twice as much as the British, strange as it may appear to Englishmen. Some American economists assume that, in the close linking of the pound and the dollar, a capital levy, in the shape of mild inflation, must solve the problem

BRITAIN CALLS: Police pensioners talking to a serving member of the Force at New Scotland Yard after they had interviewed Sir Philip Game, the Police Commissioner, and heard the news that they were once again required for service in view of the fact that many young police officers had been called into the army under the conscription decree. The reservists will be paid a substantial salary in addition to their pensions

for both our countries. If that be so, it is still an expedient which our Governments lock up in their hearts.

SIR STAFFORD MAKES SUBMISSION. – The Popular Front is wound up and as usual in windings-up there are some unfortunate victims of an impracticable scheme. But the "directors" will come again and try other schemes. Only the small fry will suffer, as small fry do. I hazarded a prophecy a week or two back that Sir Stafford would soon be back in the ranks of the Labour party. His chances seemed remote enough then. To-day they look rosy. He has made his submission and since the party can ill spare a man of his qualities and since Sir Stafford has shown a broad-minded willingness to humiliate himself in order to get back, it is reasonable to expect that he will be once more in the fold before July—in plenty of time for the coming general election in the autumn. We must take our hats off to Sir Stafford. He has not the small-minded politician's hatred of admitting himself to be human (i.e. often at fault). He admits one more political blunder—and tries again. He cannot endure existence outside the Labour Party.

WILTSHIRE IN JUNE. — Every year I look forward to a week-end in Wiltshire in June. If the weather be right June weather, it is an experience not to be missed. Westward beyond Salisbury along the Wyley Valley, the pageant is set for thirsty souls from the east. The hills, crowned with their old Roman and Danish camps, are this year more than usually beautiful, gilded brilliantly with orchis and golden rock roses above the 200-ft. level and brighter still with buttercups below that level. Lower still are the fields of mustard, bordered with pink hawthorn and flowering chestnut, pink and white. On the south side of the Bath road are the streams, white with river weed blossom. The otter hounds were working along the banks and the hunt uniform added a stimulating note of colour to the gay scene. On every village green a cricket match was in full swing, all of that superior kind which demands white flannels of a Lord's standard and knows nothing of blue serge trousers with braces and broad belt to hitch them up. Round Heytesbury it was cricket all the way; Mr. Siegfried Sassoon is appropriately environed. And behind every inviting old grey wall and house fence, roses and iceland poppies, laburnum and azaleas, and rhododendrons and lilacs splashed colour riotously on smooth green closes. This is old England at her best, still the England of our youthful dreams, still England preserved. . .

ROYAL TREASURES.—In his den in Santiago (Hilary Jesson told Nina in *His House in Order*) there were stored a number of mementoes of his coloured career in diplomacy, among them "a cigarette that had been pressed by the lips of an Empress." In that phrase lie ingredients that surely make romance for the modern public, and those who charge themselves with charming the guineas from well-to-do people in the cause of charity know just how much virtue lies in the word Royalty. In England it was not ever thus. The public's fierce curiosity in all that concerns the private life of the British Royal House dates, I believe, from the coronation of King Edward VII. Since then, that curiosity has never ceased to grow. The Royal Treasures exhibition in Stanhope Street was quite a draw. That now opening at 145, Piccadilly will be ten times more intimately Royal. For one thing the setting will draw. The rooms in No. 145 will be labelled and people will learn which rooms the present King and Queen occupied and for what purpose they were used. There will be relics of tragic royalties, of uncrowned kings, of kings who lost their crowns. And if the visitor ever tires of staring at Charles Edward's claymore or brandy flask, at Victoria's pélisse or Princess Charlotte's doll, they may turn to the walking stick *actually* given by Edward VII to Fred Archer or to the cherry wood pipe *actually* pressed by the lips of an Emp . . . that is, of Stanley Baldwin. A sentimental republican might spend, and spend well, an hour staring at that pipe, though it is not stated whether it will be an exhibit in the room labelled "Tragic figures in history" or "Dramatic moments in history." But most of us won't bother about Mr. Baldwin's pipe, when we can feast our eyes on the dent in the cigarette made by imperial lips.

COACH FOR BERMUDA. —I greatly hope that before placing her order for a new coach for her governor, Bermuda will see what she can find among the coach-houses in the great country seats of England. The Bermudas, being small coral islands, do not go in for motors. They do not allow these noisome pestilences, and their refusal attracts annually thousands of surfeited tourists from America who find Bermuda a paradise. But about those coaches. The craftsmen who built them are all dead and their technique died with them. The last coaches made in Britain embodied the all-time perfections of that craft. Nothing now can be made to equal them for grace, strength, lightness and efficiency.

TOUGH ENOUGH.—No doubt I am doing Mr. James Hadley Chase and his publisher a good turn when I say that the wrapper of his book *No Orchids for Miss Blandish* does not for once lie. The wrapper says "This book will take you by the scruff of the neck and beat the daylight out of you." It does. It leaves you feeling like a man befouled and degraded in a sewer. It says: "This is a tale of a girl kidnapped by ruthless gangsters told with incredible and sustained brutality." It is; the brutality is justly called incredible. It is an epic of sadism and a revolting document of slow rape and lustfully drawn-out murder. The author is, I believe, a healthy and virtuous young gentleman. He has achieved a book for adults only, and only for adults with stomachs stronger than the ostrich's and a power to banish the memory of beastliness and filth experienced, which every adult must envy. No doubt there is no effective censorship of such a book. It is within the law of the land, I suppose. But it is outside the laws of decency. THE OLD STAGER

IN HIS NINETIETH YEAR: A new portrait of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, a son of Queen Victoria, with his grandchild, Alexander Ramsay, son of Lady Patricia Ramsay and Vice-Admiral the Hon. Sir Alexander Ramsay. The Duke was eighty-nine years old on May 1

THE C.I.G.S. SEES FOR HIMSELF: General the Viscount Gort, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, looks over the shoulder of one of the layers on a 3·7-in. gun during a visit to one of the war stations round London where members of the Territorial Army anti-aircraft force are now undergoing training. According to War Minister Hore-Belisha London would have little to fear from enemy planes in the event of war. The 3·7 is regarded as one of the finest guns of any kind that has ever been evolved

MADCAP MILLINERY AT THE 1939 ASCOT

The Striking, the Bizarre, and the Incomprehensible Viewed in Paddock and Enclosure

THIN MESH . . .

GREASED LIGHTNING . . .

SURREALIST . . .

VICTORIAN POSY . . .

BURGUNDIAN . . .

PORK PIE . . .

SUNKEN GARDEN . . .

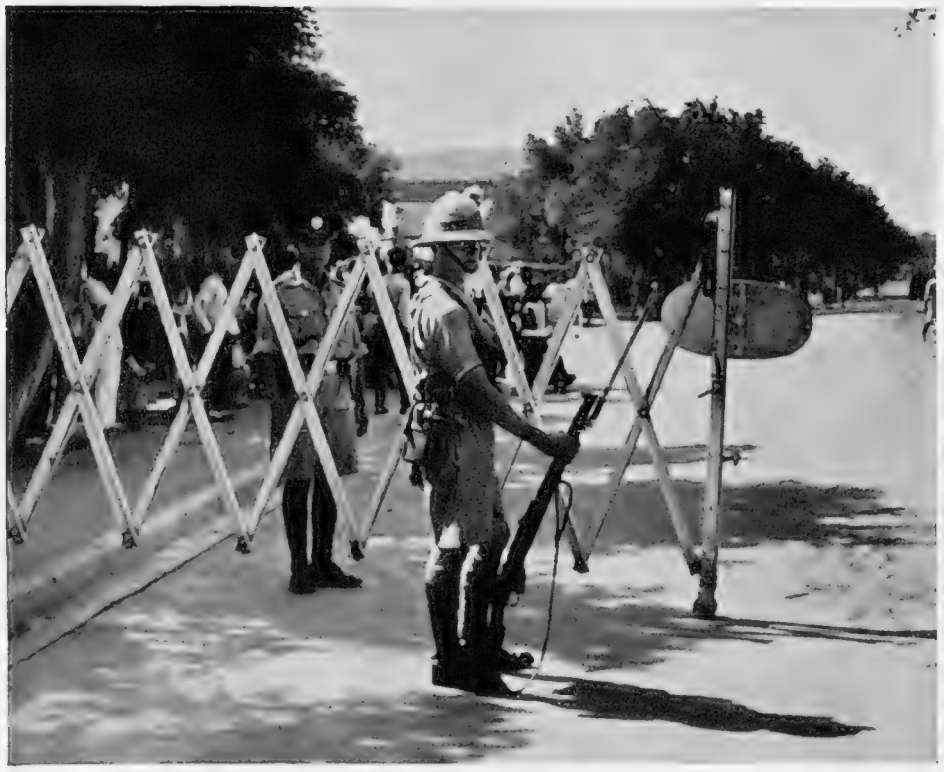
FINE FEATHERS . . .

MAINSAIL . . .

As regards everything but hats women took no risks at Ascot this year. With rain ever threatening they wore clothes they could rely upon; there have never been more plain coats and skirts in the Royal enclosure. As an ingenious compromise for all this unwonted sobriety, however, the women displayed some of the most striking hats seen at Ascot, or anywhere else, for many years. It was a truly astonishing display of madcap millinery

JAPAN BLOCKADES THE BRITISH CONCESSION IN TIENTSIN

Three Thousand British Subjects Unable to Leave and all Trade at a Standstill—A Long-laid Plan put into Practice



BRITAIN AND JAPAN AT LOGGERHEADS IN TIENTSIN: *Above*—A British sentry on duty at the entrance to the British Concession and (*on right*) Japanese soldiers occupying a sandbag position near the East Station. These two pictures were taken when the city was captured in the early days of the Sino-Japanese war. Now Tientsin has come right into the news again, for last week the Japanese announced that unless Britain handed over four Chinese who were accused of a murder, their forces would blockade the British Concession, keeping over 3,000 Britons within and bringing all trade to a standstill. At 5 o'clock on the morning of June 14 the Japanese began the blockade, and it was quite evident that they were using a local incident as a pretext for bringing pressure to bear on Britain whose pro-Chinese policy has been regarded as an irritant ever since the war began. Food supplies entered the Concession spasmodically

BOMBERS, PLEASE NOTE! A giant Union Jack painted in one of the squares of the British Concession at Tientsin. The Concession has been in British hands since 1860 and Japan's action in blockading the place is clearly an expression of her ultimate aim of abolishing every foreign settlement in China. It is known that the blockade was planned at least as long ago as last autumn, for it was then that Japan began the costly task of building a by-pass road round the Concession

NIGERIAN CHIEFS MEET IN CONFERENCE: The Alafin of Oyo, the Oni of Ife, the Ewi of Ado, and the Alake of Abeokuta pictured beneath their royal umbrellas when they recently gathered at Ibadan, western Nigeria, to discuss their common problems. These conferences are an innovation sponsored by the British administration and it is hoped that they will have a unifying effect upon the country

LOOKING FOR LIKELY LADS: Simla's recruiting officer passing down a line of young men, clad only in their loin-cloths, as he sought new material for some of the Indian regiments. Recruiting in India is proceeding on a more than usually extensive scale at the present moment as the military authorities there are fully alive to the responsibilities they would have to bear in the event of an emergency

IMPERIAL AND FOREIGN:

FRANCE WELCOMES A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR: The twenty-eight-year-old Sultan of Morocco (left), accompanied by his elder son, Prince Hassan, and the Moroccan Minister to Paris as he landed at Marseilles at the start of an official visit

WHAT GERMANY LEARNT IN SPAIN:

For Two and a Half Years Her Army Enjoyed an Informative Try-out in Active Service Conditions

By F. J. SUTHERLAND

IT was the afternoon of January 26, 1939. Barcelona was about to fall, and the Nationalist army, flushed with triumph, swept on towards this rich prize whose capture would mean virtually the end of Spain's civil war. Suddenly the advance halted. At the village of Esplugas, a few miles west of the Catalonian capital, a "suicide squad" of anarchist machine-gunners was holding up the Nationalists. The nest was well placed; the guns covered a narrow bridge.

While Franco's men cautiously scanned the position an old woman attempted to dash for safety across one end of the bridge. Caught by a wanton burst of machine-gun bullets her body was hurled to the ground cut to pieces. At this point a German unit approached. It was an anti-aircraft battery, whose guns were so made that they could be depressed for use against ground objectives. Calm, efficient, self-confident, the German officer in command surveyed the scene through his binoculars. He glanced at his wrist-watch. "It will take me exactly thirty-five minutes to clear this out of the way," he remarked to the Spanish officers.

Brisk orders were rapped out. Within a few moments the German guns were in action. They had a typical barking sound, each gun firing three shots rapidly one after the other. A ring of German sentries with fixed bayonets was thrown round the battery, and no one was permitted to approach the guns too closely while they were in action—an invariable German practice. There was a further efficient piece of detail; one of the guns remained at a high angle, ready to repel possible air retaliation, although for days past no Republican aircraft had been coming over. Sitting behind the battery, absorbed, precise, like experimenters in a laboratory, was a row of officers taking notes. Each shot, its preparation, its firing, its effect, the time taken, was noted down in these dossiers. Not a detail was missed—here was the German army machine at work.

Thirty-five minutes after the first shell had smashed its way into the anarchist position, the machine-guns were silenced. The last defenders of Barcelona were slain or had fled. The advance continued. . . .

For two and a half years the German army enjoyed an extensive and highly informative "try-out" in Spain. Officially described as the "Kondor Volunteer Legion," or as "about 6,000 technicians," the Germans had, by their recent official admission, at least 17,000 men in Spain, including artillerymen, lorry drivers, sappers, aeronautical engineers, armoured car units, aerodrome lay-out experts, dispatch riders, radio operators, aviators and air ground staff men. They have compiled a mass of closely checked and cross-checked information, not only on the German, but also on the Spanish and Italian armies in action. All this was carried out with unvarying and painstaking efficiency.

Every German in Spain seemed to be an ardent cameraman, and German soldiers, in uniform or out, daily exposed thousands of feet of film. Their interest in their co-partners of the Axis was marked. On such occasions as the Victory Parades bevies of German photographers took pictures of everything that passed during the several hours that these gargantuan march-pasts continued. But it was noticeable that the Italian material caused more photographic activity than almost anything else. The quiet but questing manner of the German troops gave the impression that Germany had not only provided an army of allies to help Spain, but 17,000 trained spies to take notes for the Fatherland.

Although Germany taught Spain the arts of war she was also busy learning throughout the campaign. In the air, on land, at sea, German planes, men, material and ships gave valuable—perhaps vital—aid. In return, at a trifling casualty cost, Germany gained experience.

She learned just how good are the aerodromes of northern Spain, situated a few minutes flying time from the Pyrenees. Her airmen know what take-off conditions they can expect if ever the day comes when they set out to bomb Perpignan, Toulouse and Bayonne. They know what sort of protection they will find from French counter-bombing—in the deep concrete aeroplane shelters and hangars constructed by German engineers.

Germany has studied exhaustively the relative advantages of bombing cities with a large squadron of machines, or by a single "ghost" plane which shuts off its engines and then drifts over the objective at night to unleash its bombs in silence. In contemplating bombing raids in the next war the general tendency is to picture a vast mass of aeroplanes flying in formation. The Germans have found, however—notably over Barcelona—that the single "ghost" raider has valuable uses.

Of particular value to Germany's aviators was the practice she obtained in the Spanish war for bombing ships at sea or entering and leaving harbours, and destroying the harbours themselves. In a war with Britain Germany would certainly attempt to annihilate Britain's sea-borne food supplies from the air as well as with her U-boats. Her attacks on Spanish ports and on Republican ships were mostly carried out under ideal conditions, for Republican chaser efforts and anti-aircraft fire were practically non-existent in the last few months of the war. Thus German pilots, unhampered by shells or enemy machines, could fly over Alicante, Almeria, Valencia and Gandia in perfect conditions and blot out map square after map square, taking full technical notes and photographs at leisure while they did so.

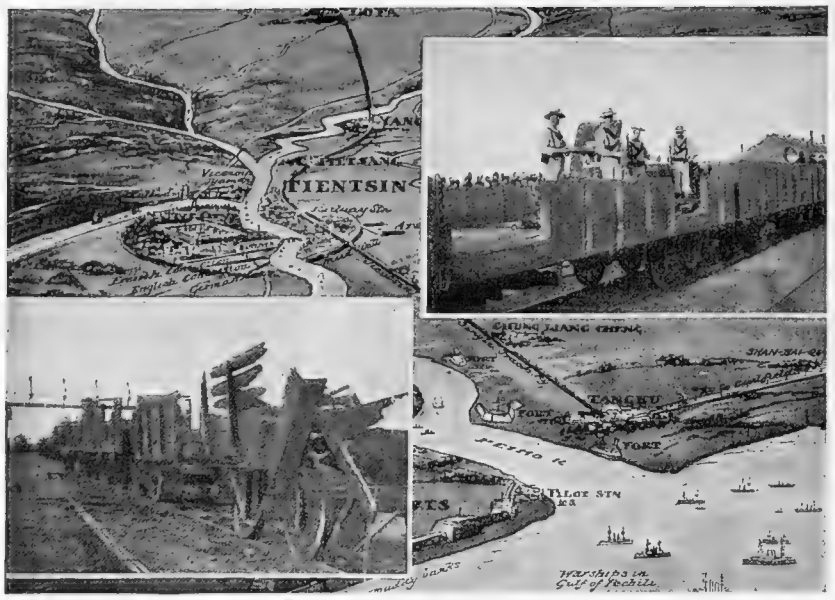
After the seizure of Austria, when Europe was full of rumours about the breakdown of the German mechanical transport, there was a drastic overhauling of the German material in Spain. Defects were remedied and great improvements were made.

The Tide of Life Returns

IN FRANCO'S SPAIN

THE MADRILENOS RETURN: *Above*—A soldier who had fought for Franco arrives in Madrid after being demobilised and prepares to pick up the threads of life anew. *Right*—Household furniture, which had been taken from the capital during the civilian evacuation instituted by the Miaja regime, being brought back in a farm cart. Every day scenes such as this are being witnessed in Madrid and slowly but surely the tide of life is returning to this city which for nearly two years of civil war knew the horrors of starvation and almost daily bombardment. All the defences are being taken down and everywhere shops and businesses are reopening

THEIR TASK FULFILLED, these officers of General Franco's army take their ease at a Madrid sidewalk cafe. After their years of fighting they cannot find it easy to relax, but as a class they have every cause for satisfaction, for under the left-wing regime the professional soldier found conditions far from easy. At the moment there is much activity throughout Spain as General Franco is beginning to put into operation his large-scale plan of national reconstruction, particular attention being paid to the re-building of areas devastated by the civil war. In addition 8,000 miles of new roads are to be laid throughout the peninsula and all villages of more than 300 inhabitants will be properly linked with the national road system. As far as possible a policy of self-sufficiency in raw materials is to be pursued



TIENTSIN PAST AND PRESENT

The composite picture reproduced *above on left* first appeared in "The Sphere" of 1900 at the time of the Boxer Rebellion, and it shows a British armoured train before and after destruction by Chinese guns; the map indicates the position of Tientsin, seventy miles from the sea and at the junction of the Grand Canal and the Peiho River. *Above on right*—An aerial view of the international bridge connecting the four foreign concessions and the Japanese-controlled areas

CATCH MORE FISH AND MAKE MORE GUNS

The Dictatorships and the Democracies Are Beginning To Take An Increasing Interest in the Harvest of the Sea

By FERDINAND TUOHY

DOWN here on the frontier one hears that Spain is bent on exploiting the wealth of the sea as a leading plank in the Franco platform of national restoration and future reinforcement. The Caudillo has said he intends to revive empire on the sea but he also is set upon obtaining the maximum he can *out* of it.

Spain is direly deprived of foodstuffs and looks like being so for an indeterminate period. So fishing fleets are to be swollen to Portuguese proportions, relatively, and the Portuguese have always been great fishermen. The intensive trawling will not, however, be undertaken solely to purvey human nourishment. Totalitarians are discovering the fish to be a friend in need, for another and to them even more vital purpose. Catch more fish and you can make more guns. (Those trawlers can be useful for another purpose, too, as events round the Spanish coasts latterly demonstrated.)

As a fact, it shouldn't be "guns before butter" so much as margarine before both; and this substitute the totalitarians plan to extract increasingly from beneath the waves. Did they fail to garner sufficient, they would have to hand out butter in its stead. And that would mean depriving themselves of fats which, as every schoolchild knows, are the mainstay of the "guns." The fatter the sea harvest, notably of whale oil whence comes the margarine, the more could additionally be set aside for the manufacture of glycerine, leading element in explosives.

Man has normally and naturally harvested the wealth of the sea from time immemorial. He has never before gone down to it with the fixed objective, from so doing, of augmenting his power to destroy his neighbour. That is what is abnormal and peculiar to our time. Germany, Japan, Italy, Spain, are developing a marine policy of freakish exploitation in order to fill the gaps each has created domestically by the diversion of the earth's resources to the churning out of armaments.

If a want of raw materials pressed other countries to act likewise, no doubt but they would do so: it is not a case for criticism except in so far as large tracks of the ocean may be perilously over-fished, and not always by fair methods.

In point of fact there is a general trend among nations towards a greater sea-consciousness, towards the removal of what has been too long a neglectful attitude. In these pages I related how the French were vastly improving catches by means of an "intelligence" system that directs fleets, by wireless, where to go and when. Our own setting up of a special Fisheries department is along the same lines. I do not know what will happen about Palestine's growing sea-conscious, but not long ago the Jews made a great to-do over the launching of their first trawler, forerunner, it was hoped, of a fleet by which a race bordering the sea would in the future catch all the fish it needed.

Poland and the U.S.S.R. are others that are stepping out, or perhaps it were better said, getting their ankles wet.

We shall comprehend a little more why the Poles are so finally adamant about not being cut off from the Baltic when it is realised that no people in the world to-day have grown up so suddenly to the sea. Where else is there a "League for Development of Instinct for the Sea"? This national propaganda organisation co-ordinates a "drive" that renders it impossible, for instance, to visit the theatre or cinema without witnessing a tableau depicting the glorious future of Gdynia and the Polish navy and mercantile marine. Gdynia, let it be recalled, sandy village of thirteen years back, is the most remarkable addition to the post-war map of the Continent. With another port and future fishing headquarters, Tel-Aviv, as runner-up.

The official Polish goal is to encompass the day "when every fish eaten by a Pole will have been caught by a Polish fisherman" and in the past decade the national catching has risen from 2 per cent. to 40 per cent. All this, of course, hits us badly, coming on top of similar (or bigger) biffs from the Reich, Russia, and other lands, but we have got to lump the hard fact of this new urge of the nations to profit autarchically from the sea.

Fish is healthy, fish is cheap, fish can be had for the fishing, fish can strengthen armaments, provide oils, butter and fats, can even clothe and boot. Has not German chemical application produced "fish wool," and slippers and leggings and gloves made from cod and other fish skin? Few fish-tailored Germans care to risk being caught in the rain, so distressingly does the material shrink. But if Billingsgate and Savile Row are not to be reconciled, the arrival of cod-leather-bound books in the library has been more successful.

Wesermuende at the mouth of the Elbe is G.H.Q. of Nazi deep-sea fishing which has caused the Swastika not only to cover the Baltic and North Sea as never before, but to forge into the Caribbean and Antarctic in quest of shark and whale respectively. The former meat is much wanted as pig-feed. No more grain is to go that way, and under the Göring Four Year Plan 60,000 tons of shark meal should be manufactured annually. The principal use of whale oil I have already dealt with. There are now six German whaling fleets on the job and more are to come. At the other extreme, Wesermuend aims at "German oysters only."

Similarly, our former yearly million barrels of herring roll eastward no more. The Nazi trawling fleets, best yet evolved, now supply requirements. At Dieppe, whence as many as fifty large vessels have been wont to sweep the Channel and North Sea, paying only harbour fees and operating for six and eight weeks at a time, I have had occasion to admire, beside the envious natives, the power, spacing and equipment of these trawlers which, as in the Mediterranean, can serve a second purpose, if necessary.

The German people, even the soldiers, are being requested to stomach fish sausages in the room of once idolised all sorts of *Wurst*. Report is that the banishment of the latter has stuck in the popular gullet—which seems to be an Irishism—and that rush fresh fish as the Nazis may to the four corners of the hinterland, the peasants are not for it, far less so than the townsfolk. I am no doubt talking nonsense—have been told so in this instance—but I have associated this common distaste for fish with so many millions having been brought up, as Catholics, to regard fish as a penance every Friday. Fish-one-day-a-week was an economic measure, such as Hull or Grimsby would delight to see revived, yet fish, glorious fish, widely remains contaminated as a form of penitence.

Whenever I go to Italy I order as much *pesce bollito* as I can. Thereby aiding the Fascist regime, yet the reason is: I *much* prefer it to Italian meat! Italy boasts 150,000 fishermen, mainly Sicilian, Genoese, Venetian. The oddity is that a sea-girt and teeming people so poorly served by the soil has not had thousands more, as it is planned they shall have in the future. Under sanctions Italians could not eat meat after noon on Wednesday and Sunday—this, in addition to the almost universal absence of meat on Fridays. During that (semi) economic siege the importing of fish from sanctionist countries was stopped—notably herring from us—and it has scarcely been revived, if at all. A salt bluefish has taken the place of the herring.

The biggest push perhaps concerns the tunny. Where Scarborough won't touch this tough but not untasty giant, Naples and Rome see it as a recurrent dish of the day, the result of going out after the *tuna* with enormous nets with which a hundred fishermen are able to catch 300,000 lb. in less than the half-hour. But the sad truth remains that *Mare Nostrum* is not a good sea for fish, and so we see the venturesome Fascist regime striking out in other latitudes. Expect to hear of an increase of Italian trawlers off other people's coasts—*just* off.

Nor will this be the end. Italy and Japan are picking up what they can from one another, through various kinds of mission, and inspecting Italians at Osaka have marvelled at the world's first floating canneries. These vessels, weighing up to 15,000 tons, carry machinery by which catches are cleaned and canned directly they are hauled in. An almost limitless cruising range, weather-proof, able to fish off-shore where small boats are no use, the Japanese floating cannery is clearly a thing to be copied by Europe's correspondingly placed Power.

The nation that can fish the cheapest—that is, the one with the lowest standard of living and wages at home—could, by stationing her floating canneries four miles off all other nations' coasts, achieve something of an economic monopoly. Given the necessary vessels, Italy seems to be the monopoly-hunter best suited to sail forth from Europe.

Having earned a reputation as positive sea raiders, the Japanese are now girding themselves for a supreme effort, and never mind other people's rights if they can get away with it.

Half of the world total of 3,000,000 persons employed in fisheries are Japanese, who man one-third of the world's fishing craft and take a like proportion of the total world catch. With rice and bean curd, Japan's 80,000,000 subsist mainly on seaweeds and fish. Fish is the national diet and over 400 different forms of "sea food" are eaten. But the seas surrounding Japan have been practically emptied of fish for many years. So the Japanese must operate where they can and, unfortunately, they go bald-headed at things, even if it is to work out later to their own detriment. Wherever they go, they fish so that the ocean will be denuded unless other countries watch carefully.

A typical instance befell recently when Japan stationed her floating canneries just outside the three-mile limit in North Pacific and Alaskan waters. Using miles-long deep-sea nets to intercept the salmon as they swam coastwards to spawn in Alaskan and Canadian rivers of their hatching, the intruders threatened to deplete in a few years the richest waters in the world, where fishing had long been limited and regulated. For the moment they have been stopped, but that they will return surreptitiously to the attack, here and elsewhere, is as good as certain. Great poachers, the Japanese have to be kept from the Australian pearl fisheries by special patrols; as the Russians are moved to exert an ever livelier watch in Siberian waters.

(Continued on page 578)

THE ROYAL VISIT TO CANADA AND THE U·S·A

CANADIAN ODYSSEY: THE ROYAL TRAVELLERS SET OUT

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THE START OF THE GREAT JOURNEY THROUGH CANADA: *Up the St. Lawrence to* QUEBEC

ON THE STILL WATERS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE: The King and Queen standing on the bridge of the Canadian Pacific liner *Empress of Australia* as they made their first contact with the New World after an Atlantic voyage in which they had been constantly delayed by fog and icebergs. Throughout the journey up the great river to Quebec hosts of Canadians lined the banks and focused field glasses on the ship in the hope of catching a glimpse of the King and Queen. Quebec lies about three hundred miles from the sea. It was at one time the capital of Canada and is still its most historic and picturesque city

A RED-LETTER DAY IN CANADIAN HISTORY: This was the scene on Dufferin Terrace, Quebec, as citizens gathered enthusiastically to watch the *Empress of Australia* sailing into Wolfe's Cove after her adventurous crossing of the Atlantic. From her mastheads fluttered the White Ensign, the Royal Standard, and the flag of the Lord High Admiral. As she came into view the bells of Quebec's churches began to peal and the sirens of scores of river craft shrieked a raucous welcome

LINING STATELY DUFFERIN TERRACE, with the handsome Chateau Frontenac Hotel looming large behind them, were hosts of Quebec's French-speaking citizens who had come to demonstrate their loyalty. A picture taken as the *Empress of Australia* was coming slowly to her moorings and the King and Queen were preparing to disembark

KING GEORGE AND QUEEN ELIZABETH LAND AT WOLFE'S COVE: Their Majesties, accompanied by Mr. Mackenzie King, the Canadian Prime Minister, seen as they stepped ashore to receive a tumultuous welcome from the people of Quebec. At this moment a salute of twenty-one guns thundered from the Citadel and then, when the initial presentations had been made, the King and Queen entered a car and headed a long procession through the city

QUEBEC'S ACCLAIM

"VIVE LE ROI!": French Canadians acclaiming the King and Queen as they drove through the picturesque streets of Quebec—sometimes known as the capital of New France—where they received an ovation that far exceeded all expectations. For more than a century and a half the province was under French dominion

THE OFFICIAL WELCOME TO CANADIAN SOIL: The King and Queen standing before their scarlet thrones in the Quebec Legislature when listening to an address from Mr. M. L. Duplessis, Quebec's Premier, on the morning of their arrival in the city. Later there was an official luncheon at Chateau Frontenac

THE KING AND CARDINAL VILLENEUVE: His Majesty in conversation with the scarlet-robed Cardinal Archbishop of Quebec in the Provincial Legislature immediately following the official welcome. Cardinal Villeneuve is one of the most influential churchmen in north America, his province being predominantly Roman Catholic

ENTERING THE UPPER TOWN: The Royal car with its escort of motor tricyclists, pictured a few moments after it had passed the St. Louis Gate lying half-way up the Bluff. Quebec is the only walled city on the north American continent and in many ways it has the aspect of a city of medieval France. In the lower town are most of the banks and warehouses, while the public buildings, churches and residences are in the upper town

MONTREAL : CANADA'S PARIS

THE TRIUMPHAL WAY: The King's mounted escort passing two pylons on the processional route Their Majesties followed during their motor tour through Montreal, Canada's largest city, which they visited on the afternoon and evening of May 18. In the course of the drive Their Majesties covered nearly twenty-five miles

THE KING INSPECTS THE GUARD OF HONOUR: His Majesty, wearing the undress uniform of Admiral of the Fleet, passing down the lines immediately after his arrival in Montreal. Then ensued the long drive through the city

On right—
ON THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT ROYAL Their Majesties witnessed the unveiling of a cairn by Mayor Camillian Houde to commemorate the first visit to the city of a reigning British sovereign. Mount Royal overlooks the whole of Montreal

WITH AN ESCORT OF HUSSARS the King and Queen drive through Montreal to the acclamations of a mighty crowd. The scenes in the streets of this city could only be compared to those witnessed in London at the time of the Coronation of George VI and at the Silver Jubilee of his father. Montreal, which shares the industrial and financial leadership of Canada with Toronto and is the largest French centre of population after Paris, seemed determined to miss no opportunity of demonstrating its loyalty and it was obvious that the King and Queen were highly delighted at their reception. In the evening a dinner was given by the city, and before it commenced Their Majesties appeared on a balcony of the Windsor Hotel to acknowledge the cheers of the throng gathered below

OTTAWA: THE CAPITAL

TO THE THUNDEROUS CHEERS OF A POPULATION SWOLLEN TO MANY TIMES ITS NORMAL SIZE the King and Queen drove through Ottawa in an open landau drawn by four bay horses, with scarlet-clad outriders, and accompanied by a mounted escort of the 4th Princess Louise Dragoon Guards. This was the first big event of the Royal visit to the capital city, a visit that lasted from the morning of Friday, May 19, to 6 p.m. on Sunday evening. During that time Their Majesties stayed with Lord Tweedsmuir at Government House

THE QUEEN MAKES HER FIRST SPEECH IN CANADA: Her Majesty speaking from the dais at the ceremony at which she laid the foundation stone of the new Supreme Court. A general view of the gathering, also showing the present progress of the building, is reproduced *on right*. The Queen opened her speech with the significant phrase: "Perhaps it is not inappropriate that this task should be performed by a woman, for a woman's position in civilised society has depended upon the growth of law"

OTTAWA — THE CAPITAL CITY: *Where the King*

TWENTY-ONE YEARS AFTER: A solemn moment in the Dominion's history as the people of Ottawa gathered round Canada's National War Memorial before the unveiling ceremony conducted by the King in the presence of the Queen, Lord Tweedsmuir, and Mr. Mackenzie King. A dais canopied in maroon-coloured silk was erected immediately in front of the memorial

EYES WERE CONTINUALLY TURNED TO HER as from a window in the east wing of the Federal Parliament Building the Queen watched the Trooping the Colour ceremony held to mark the King's official birthday

While the reception accorded the King and Queen in their Canadian capital of Ottawa was marked by tumultuous enthusiasm and sincerity, perhaps the chief impression left by their visit was one of wonder that Ottawa could reproduce with such exactitude in her own streets the pageantry that is such an integral part of life in the Mother Country. The Trooping the Colour ceremony was wonderfully done and left a deep impression upon all who witnessed it, as also did the unveiling of the Canadian National War Memorial. The memorial consists of a group of twenty-two bronze figures representing all arms of the service, and they are shown pressing eagerly forward between the two granite columns. The whole memorial is nearly 70 ft. in height and faces the busy streets of Ottawa

(Continued on right)

PAGEANTRY ON OTTAWA'S PARLIAMENT HILL: This was the brilliant scene as a brigade of Canadian Guards carried out the ceremony of Trooping the Colour in honour of the King's official birthday, for which a national holiday was observed. The ceremonial familiar to Londoners took place before a crowd which was a cross-section of Canada—French-speaking and English-speaking citizens—farmers, city dwellers, lumberjacks, and prospectors from the north. The people punctuated the ceremony with bursts of cheering—all in much gayer mood than

Celebrated His Birthday and Unveiled the National War Memorial

AN UNEXPECTED GESTURE: The King, who was wearing morning dress and war medals, including the 1914–15 star, advancing across the roadway with the Queen after unveiling the War Memorial. They were about to mingle with the ex-service men who had gathered in force for the big occasion. At some moments Their Majesties were almost completely lost to view in the crowd

that of the customary London crowd at the Trooping. Dressed in pale mauve, the Queen stood alone at a window of the Government Buildings. The drill was perhaps not quite up to the clockwork precision seen in London, declared an eye-witness. Nevertheless it was smartly done, and when the band played "The Maple Leaf for Ever," the Canadian national anthem, the crowd was visibly moved. The King, in the uniform of field-marshal, received a great ovation when he arrived with an escort of Canadian Dragoons, and the Royal Standard was broken from the saluting base

CANADA'S KING AND QUEEN: A close-up impression of Their Majesties as they left the Federal Parliament after the King had given his assent to a number of Bills. This took place on the first day of the visit to Ottawa

to the south, with the broad Ottawa River and the rugged hillsides of the Laurentians in the blue distance behind it. The search for a suitable type of granite was carried out by the Bureau of Mines, whose engineers made a painstaking examination of samples from all operating quarries in Canada and gathered information regarding weathering characteristics, size of blocks available, and other technical data. The choice narrowed down to four or five deposits which were examined in the field, and finally a quarry at Riviere à Pierre, some 60 miles north-west of Quebec City, was selected. The stone from this quarry is described as a rose-grey granite of medium to coarse grain in which the quartz crystals are translucent to transparent and very brilliant. It is remarkably free from iron

A DAY IN TORONTO

AT CHRISTIE STREET HOSPITAL FOR WAR VETERANS the King and Queen spoke with as many of the men as they could during a halt of ten minutes in the course of a final drive through Toronto. Their visit to the city saw a repetition of the enthusiasm that had been evoked in Quebec, Montreal and Ottawa, and perhaps there was an added touch of fervour, as Toronto has a reputation for the most determined attachment to the "Old Country." The population of 850,000 must have been swollen to well over a million

ON TORONTO RACECOURSE, where the King and Queen saw the race for the King's Plate, these two girls waited with their movie cameras to make a record of the Royal drive down the course. *On right*—The dais outside Toronto's City Hall where a civic reception took place before the King and Queen went to the Legislative Building to meet members of the Provincial Parliament. Another outstanding event was, of course, the presentation of the Dionne quintuplets

THE KING'S SALUTE TO CANADA

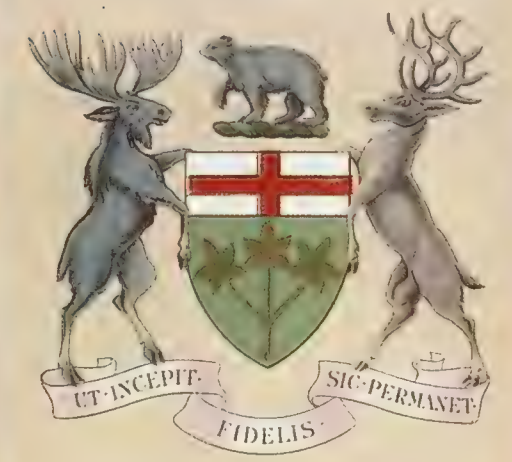
Royal Pageantry that Lent Colour to the Tour and Delighted the Dominion's People

NO reigning British Sovereign has ever before set foot in Canada, and it was little wonder that the people of the Dominion were stirred to such depths by the arrival of King George and his Consort. They were especially stirred, too, by the splendour of Royal pageantry, and the sight of the King in his field-marshal's uniform, his blue sash boldly contrasting with scarlet and gold, and of the Queen beside him in Court dress must have provided an unforgettable moment for the people of Ottawa as Their Majesties emerged from the Parliament House where the King had made his speech from the throne. "The Queen and I," he declared on that occasion, "deeply appreciate your loyal messages. I am very happy that my visit to Canada affords me an opportunity of meeting Parliament. No ceremony could more completely symbolise the free and equal association of the nations of our Commonwealth. As my father said on the occasion of his Silver Jubilee, the unity of the British Empire is no longer expressed by the supremacy of the time-honoured Parliament that sits at Westminster. It finds expression to-day in the free association of nations enjoying common principles of government and a common attachment to the ideals of peace and freedom, bound together by common allegiance to the Crown"

THE ARMS OF CANADA'S NINE PROVINCES

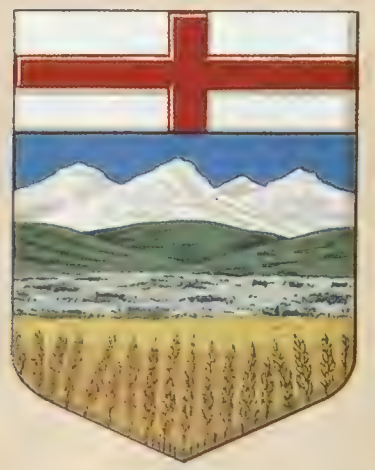
ARMS
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC

ARMS
PROVINCE OF ONTARIO



ARMS
PROVINCE OF MANITOBA

ARMS
PROVINCE OF ALBERTA



ARMS
PROVINCE OF SASKATCHEWAN

ARMS
PROVINCE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

ARMS
PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK

Armorial Achievement of Nova Scotia
Granted by King Charles I,
in 1625.

ARMS
PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

The arms of eight of Canada's nine provinces are much less heraldically complicated than those of Canada herself, each having a direct simplicity in reflecting the life and work of the province it represents. The arms of Quebec, with the blue Fleur de Lys much in evidence, are wholly appropriate for this largely French-speaking area. The moose, the reindeer, and the bear equally well typify Ontario, while the wild buffalo reminds us of pioneering days in Manitoba. It is only fitting, too, that corn should figure in the arms of Alberta and Saskatchewan, and nothing could be more apposite than the incorporation of the Union Jack by British Columbia, most British of all the provinces. A ship tells us of New Brunswick's maritime traditions, while the arms of Nova Scotia, more intricate than the rest, point to her proud place in colonial history. Finally there is verdant Prince Edward Island

WINNIPEG'S WELCOME

BENEATH THE PORTICO OF THE MANITOBA LEGISLATURE the King and Queen received an address of welcome from the people of this great prairie province. Their Majesties arrived in Winnipeg at 11 a.m. on the morning of May 24—Empire Day—and they left at 7 p.m., after carrying through the usual arduous round to which they must have become accustomed at this stage of the tour. Manitoba has large English, Scottish, Irish, Welsh, French, German, Scandinavian, and Slav communities

On left—
THE KING TO HIS EMPIRE: His Majesty seated before the microphone in Government House, Winnipeg, as he delivered his Empire Day broadcast which was heard throughout the Commonwealth. In a few words specially addressed to youth at the close of his speech the King said: "Hold fast to all that is just and of good report in the heritage which your fathers have left to you, but strive also to improve and equalise that heritage for all in the years that are to come"

On right—
THE KING AND QUEEN ENTER THEIR CAR before driving in state through the thronged streets of Winnipeg, accompanied by a mounted guard of honour. Although it was raining the Queen asked to have the hood put down in order that the crowds should not be disappointed

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FROM THE GREAT LAKES, ACROSS THE PRAIRIES, TO THE GATE OF EMPIRE: Varied Aspects of the First Half of the Royal Tour

CONTRAST IN THE GREAT LAKE REGION: The King and Queen in conversation with Red Indians, who for the occasion donned their traditional finery, at a halting place en route between Sudbury, Ontario, and the twin cities of Port Arthur and Fort William on Lake Superior. *Above*—With a drum-majorette to lead them, the girls of Greenway High School band marched through Fort William to give a musical greeting to the King and Queen. They had come 400 miles from Minnesota, in the U.S.A.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE ROCKIES: The Royal car passing through the streets of Calgary, Alberta, where the King and Queen arrived at 3 p.m. on May 26. Their Majesties were accompanied by a mounted escort of Lord Strathcona's Horse, the men looking most imposing in their scarlet uniforms and glittering helmets. One great figure of the west was missing from the celebrations at Calgary, Mr. R. B. Bennett, for many years member for Calgary West and one of Canada's ablest and most far-seeing Prime Ministers

HE CAME TO SEE HIS KING: One of the 3,000 Indians who flocked into Regina when the Royal train arrived there on Thursday, May 25

INTERMISSION IN THE ROCKIES: The King and Queen with Mr. Mackenzie King on the terrace of the Banff Springs Hotel where they spent a welcome rest before continuing to Vancouver. On reaching Banff Their Majesties had been away from England three weeks. The rough passage of the Atlantic had been succeeded by ten days of telescoped ceremonies that must have been arduous in the extreme

A BREATH OF THE ORIENT: These Chinese children lined up at Vancouver to add their loyal greetings to those of the thousands of folk of British stock. Western Canada has a large Chinese population and at Calgary and other points along the line the Orientals turned up in force. Until a £100 per head tax was imposed at the beginning of the century, the influx of Chinese threatened to reach unmanageable proportions

AIRIES, TO THE WESTERN
Half of the Royal Journey

WAITING FOR THE BIG MOMENT: An Indian trapper, in all the glory of the traditional costume of his people, seen with his son at Regina where many Indian folk and their chiefs turned up to greet the King and Queen

TOWNSFOLK, SUN-TANNED RANCHERS, FARMERS, COW-BOYS WITH A PIPE BAND, BOY SCOUTS AND GIRL GUIDES made up a huge crowd which gave Their Majesties a resounding welcome as they left the train for a brief halt at Medicine Hat and ascended the special platform where they received local notabilities. By erecting this platform in the station the authorities ensured that everyone could get a good glimpse of the King and Queen

OUTSIDE VANCOUVER'S CITY HALL the King and Queen heard a massed choir of 1,500 singing "God Save the King," "O Canada," and "Jerusalem." This was only one of many incidents crowded into an eventful but brief stay in the great city of the west where they spent seven hours before journeying on to Victoria

AT THE WESTERN GATE OF EMPIRE: The King, wearing naval uniform, and the Queen leaving the Legislative Building at Victoria, British Columbia, during their brief visit to this capital city which has the reputation of being more English than any other part of the Dominion, so many Englishmen having chosen it as a place of retirement. In the course of his stay the King delivered the address in which he used the now famous phrase, "To travel through so grand a country is a privilege to any man"

THE KING AND QUEEN SIT ENTHRONED

IN the annals of the British Commonwealth of Nations no reigning sovereign had ever attended a Dominion Parliament before King George VI, accompanied by his Queen, visited the Senate of the Canadian Federal Parliament at Ottawa where, on May 19, he delivered a speech from the throne and gave the Royal Assent to a number of Bills. It was a magnificent scene as Their Majesties, the King clasping the Queen's hand, walked into the Senate and to a dais on which there were two crimson thrones beneath a scarlet canopy. Scarlet-robed judges of the Supreme Court sat upon the woolsack before the thrones, while round the Chamber, which is adorned with painted panels representing Canada's part in the Great War, were assembled the whole of the Upper House and their wives, who rose and made obeisance when the Royal couple entered. On the right of the thrones were the

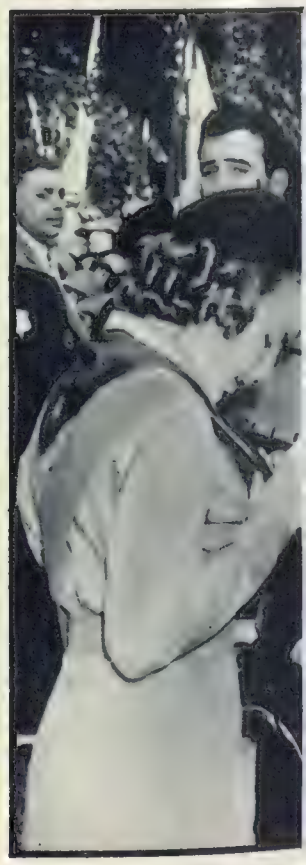
) IN CANADA'S PARLIAMENT: An Historic Occasion During the Visit to Ottawa

heads of foreign missions, noticeable among them being Japanese Minister Tomii, while the Prime Minister, in Privy Councillor's uniform, was behind the King. The Commons were summoned to the bar of the House. The Senate's clerk started the proceedings by reading the Royal Assent to each Bill in English and French, among them being included the Canada–United States trade agreement. The King then delivered his speech, during the course of which he repeated the famous declaration made by his father at the Jubilee when he proclaimed that "the unity of the British Empire is no longer expressed by the supremacy of the time-honoured Parliament that sits at Westminster. It finds expression to-day in the free association of nations enjoying common principles of government, a common attachment to the ideals of peace and freedom, and bound together by a common allegiance to the Crown"

THE SMILE THAT CHARMED A CONTINENT: The Queen greeting a disabled war veteran after the ceremony at which the King unveiled Canada's National War Memorial at Ottawa. This particular incident of the tour aroused immense enthusiasm as the King and Queen deliberately departed from the pre-arranged schedule to talk to these ex-servicemen. At one moment Their Majesties were cut off from their entourage and mingled with the crowds in the most informal manner, their progress being only occasionally discernible amid the dense throngs

FORMALITY AND INFORMALITY: The King, in full morning dress, and the Queen, in one of her smartest costumes, pictured with Lord and Lady Tweedsmuir on the steps of Rideau Hall, the Governor-General's residence at Ottawa. *Left*—The King, in sports jacket and grey flannels, and the Queen, in a simple coat and skirt, chatting with Mr. Edward Hargreaves during their stop at Mount Robson. Mr. Hargreaves sang in the choir at the marriage of Edward VII

On right—STILL IN GOOD SPIRITS AFTER AN ARDUOUS DAY IN TORONTO: A delightful picture of the King and Queen as they left the city en route for Port Arthur and the west. It is safe to say that nothing impressed the Canadian people more than the way in which Their Majesties tackled the heaviest possible programmes day after day



IS THIS THE BEST PICTURE certainly say yes to this House at Washington, of her many proficiency

CAMERA CLOSE-UPS OF THE ROYAL TRAVELLERS

Some Charming Studies of the King and Queen Taken During the Tour

THE PARLIAMENTARY DINNER IN OTTAWA'S CHATEAU LAURIER: The King in earnest conversation with Mr. Mackenzie King, Canada's Prime Minister, and the Queen with Lord Tweedsmuir, the Governor-General. Mr. Mackenzie King accompanied Their Majesties throughout the tour of the Dominion and also acted as Minister in attendance during the journey to Washington

A REGAL FIGURE: The Queen about to enter the Canadian Parliament Building in Ottawa before receiving members of the Upper and Lower Houses. The King is seen in field-marshal's uniform. A picture of Their Majesties as they left Parliament appears in full colours elsewhere in this issue

OF THE QUEEN TAKEN DURING THE ROYAL TOUR? Many will query. The occasion was the Girl Scout Rally in the grounds of the White and Her Majesty is seen asking Girl Scout Leah Burkel a question about one badges after Leah had presented a bouquet on behalf of her colleagues

GREETING A WAR HERO: The Queen shakes hands with Major Strachan, a Calgary banker and one of the seven holders of the Victoria Cross who were presented to Their Majesties on the steps of the Capitol at Edmonton. Major Strachan is an hon. A.D.C. to the Governor-General of Canada

IS THIS THE BEST PICTURE OF THE KING TAKEN DURING THE ROYAL TOUR? Another query that many may feel disposed to answer in the affirmative. His Majesty is seen smiling broadly as he drives with President Roosevelt from the Union Station to the White House at the start of the visit to Washington, which, though brief, proved a greater triumph than anyone had dared to expect

EDMONTON AND SASKATOON

Two Cities where the King and Queen Halted on the Homeward Journey Across Canada

On leaving the Rocky Mountains the King and Queen continued their return journey across Canada through the cities of Edmonton and Saskatoon. Before the start of the present century Edmonton was still no more than a village, although from about the year 1778 it had been a fur-trading post of the North-West Company. With the coming of the railways, however, all was changed and to-day it is a flourishing provincial capital with about 85,000 inhabitants. Saskatoon, the second city of Saskatchewan, is rather smaller than Edmonton, having a population of just over 40,000. It is a big distributing point for grain

FLOWERS, FLOWERS ALL THE WAY: *Above*—At University Hospital, Edmonton, Marie Stacey, a nine-year-old orphan, gave the Queen a bouquet and at the next halt—Saskatoon—Marcelle McEachern *(right)* was at the station to make a similar presentation. How many bouquets the Queen received during her 11,000 miles journey defies computation. The King and Queen arrived in Edmonton on June 2 after a 24 hrs. rest amid the beauties of Jasper National Park

TWO MILES OF STANDS were erected along broad and stately Portage Avenue, Edmonton, so that when the King and Queen went by they passed through a double wall of wildly cheering citizens. From now on Portage Avenue is to be known as King's Way. At the end of the avenue the King saw three green and silver aeroplanes—the Yukon Southern, which flies in and out of Alaska, the Yellow Knife Express, which carries prospectors' machinery and mails to the gold mines on the shores of the Great Slave Lake, and the Radium Silver Express, which serves the Eldorado radium mine on the Great Bear Lake in the Arctic Circle

Sh - Sh - Sh - Sh -

WILLS'S GOLD FLAKE

IS THE MAN'S CIGARETTE

THAT WOMEN LIKE

Opera Glasses

The seats are stalls. The carnation is just a carnation, but the whisky is Johnnie Walker. I may not know much about music, but I know what I like. I like Johnnie Walker. I like its mature mellowness, its distinguished dryness. Did you know that all the finest whiskies of Scotland are in the Johnnie Walker blend? Well, they are.

Gentlemen!

your **Johnnie Walker**—

VIGNETTES OF THE TOUR: From Toronto, Across the Continent to the Great Divide, and Back to Niagara Falls

2850 AND 6057 DO THEIR BIT: *Above on left*—A vision in Royal blue, silver, and gold. The Canadian Pacific locomotive which drew the Royal train on its 3,000-mile journey from Quebec to Vancouver and (*above*) the Canadian National locomotive which was used on the return trip. The driver of the C.P.R. engine was Eugene Leclerc, who was fireman on the Royal train in 1901 when King George V (then Duke of Cornwall and York) visited the Dominion

THEIR TRAVELLING HOME: The King and Queen on the observation platform at the rear of the Royal train. They emerged countless times every day in order to give the many people who gathered along the track a chance to obtain a good view of them

INVIGORATED BY THE MOUNTAIN AIR, the King and Queen leave the chalet at Jasper National Park, in the heart of the Rockies, where they enjoyed a twenty-four hours rest before entering upon the last phase of the tour

EVERYWHERE ALONG THE LINE little groups forgathered to gain a fleeting glimpse of the Royal travellers and to cheer them on their way. *Below*—This picture was taken in Toronto, but it might have been at almost any point on the Royal route, so well does it typify the enthusiasm of Canada's youth

THE KING AND QUEEN IN HIGH REGARD: Daphne Redding on her 8-ft. stilts had the best view of all when the Royal train drew into Sioux Lookout, Ontario. Daphne has used stilts almost since she could walk

AFTERNOON AT NIAGARA: The Royal travellers driving past the Horseshoe Falls after motoring through the fertile Niagara peninsula from St. Catherine's. When they had seen the famous cataract from above, the King and Queen put on waterproofs and were taken to the wind tunnel which lies directly under the falls and, from this point of vantage, they were able to see the water thundering over their heads into the whirlpool below

WASHINGTON, D.C.

EN ROUTE TO THE WHITE HOUSE: *Above*—Cavalry passing the Capitol as they preceded Their Majesties in the procession from the station. *Above on right*—An aerial view showing the crowds which assembled in the streets and open spaces of Washington to watch the King and Queen go by. *Inset on right*—The Queen and Mrs. Roosevelt driving together

THROUGH THE CAPITAL'S SURGING CROWDS: A picture taken as the Royal cars passed a thronged point on the route from Washington's Union Station to the White House. It was estimated that 700,000 people lined the way, but mere figures give no idea of the spontaneous enthusiasm that greeted the Royal travellers on their arrival. It seemed that the theory that Washington crowds do not cheer was finally disproved for ever. The day was particularly hot, with the temperature around 95, and there was almost a complete lack of breeze to temper the high humidity. Even so, many people had taken their stations as long as four hours in advance, their imagination having been completely captured by the glowing accounts that had appeared in the Press of Their Majesties' tour through Canada

THE KING AND QUEEN MINGLE WITH THEIR GUESTS at the British Embassy reception in Washington which was attended by nearly 1,000 people from Washington itself, from the vicinity, and indeed from many parts of the United States. Priority in the honours of the occasion was reserved, as of right, for the ex-Service men who formed ranks in the outer court of the Embassy building and marched to their place in the grounds to the accompaniment of a rousing cheer. Among them was one holder of the Victoria Cross, Dr. Bellenden Hutcheson, who served as medical officer with the 75th Canadian Battalion during the Great War and now resides at Cairo, Illinois. *On left*—Little Isabelle Kinloch is greeted by the Queen. There was some difficulty in inducing her to come forward and make her bow

The British Embassy Reception

IN WASHINGTON

WASHINGTON : ON THE 2nd DAY

A HIGH-LIGHT OF THE WASHINGTON VISIT was the Congressional reception in the Capitol, where the King and Queen met many notabilities in American political life. The Queen is seen shaking hands with Representative Leo Kocialowski, of Illinois, while the King is talking with Representative A. Leonard Allen. On the left are William Bankhead, Speaker of the House, Lady Lindsay, and Sir Ronald Lindsay, British Ambassador. Mr. Nat Patton, of Texas, greeted the Queen with the words: "Cousin Elizabeth, you are a thousand times more pretty than the pictures"

THE EMPIRE'S TRIBUTE TO AMERICA'S WAR DEAD: The King lays a wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Warrior in Arlington Cemetery, Virginia, where many of America's most distinguished sons are buried. Arlington is closely associated with the name of Robert E. Lee, the Virginian soldier, whose home was there

HISTORY HAD TURNED FULL CIRCLE when the King placed a wreath on the tomb of George Washington, the Northamptonshire squire who rebelled against the King's great-great-great-grandfather and founded a nation in the New World. The tomb is at Mount Vernon, Washington's beautiful home, which is preserved as a national shrine

THE TRIP TO MOUNT VERNON: *Left*—The Queen going aboard the Presidential yacht *Potomac* before sailing with the King, President Roosevelt, and Mrs. Roosevelt to George Washington's home, which is picturesquely situated some miles downstream. *Right*—The King and Queen, accompanied by Mrs. Roosevelt (wearing light checks), seen as they made their tour of the beautiful grounds of Mount Vernon

On right—
AND ENGLAND AGREES: This picture arrived in London bearing the following inscription: "'Au revoir to Queen of Hearts.'—Magnificently gowned and radiantly beautiful Queen Elizabeth of England is pictured in the reception room at Union Station, Washington, as she said farewell to Sir Ronald Lindsay, British Ambassador, just before boarding the silver and blue Royal train for New York. The Queen won the hearts of official and private Washington, and to-day a new conquest awaits her in New York"

NEW YORK CITY

THE LANDING AT BATTERY PARK: A general view and a close-up of the destroyer *Warrington* as it arrived at the tip of Manhattan after bringing the King and Queen across the Hudson. It was near this spot that 156 years ago Sir Guy Carleton, last representative of the British Crown to command in New York, surrendered the keys of the city and sailed for England. From the moment of their landing it became clear that Their Majesties had captured the affection of New Yorkers, who gave them a welcome more tumultuous, more sincere, and more breath-taking than anything known, even in the hectic days of Walker's mayoralty

WHILE "GOD SAVE THE KING" WAS BEING PLAYED: The King and Queen with Mayor La Guardia, whose stocky figure is easily discernible, and other New York notables immediately after landing at Battery Park, Manhattan. Following the various introductions Their Majesties walked to the waiting cars and began their triumphal drive to the Fair

EN ROUTE TO THE WORLD'S FAIR: The procession of fourteen cars, in which the Royal party and their New York hosts were accommodated, speeding along the West Side elevated road on the way out to the exhibition grounds. At every point along the route the cheering had to be heard to be believed as the great wave of cordiality that had swept across the city was translated again and again into a continuous, full-throated roar

AT THE WORLD'S FAIR: The Royal travellers passing the guard of honour on arrival in the exhibition grounds. With the King is Mr. Grover Whalen, former Police Commissioner for New York and the Fair's energetic organiser. The King and Queen spent four hours touring the various pavilions and afterwards paid a short visit to Columbia University. They then went to stay with the Roosevelts at Hyde Park where they spent a quiet Sunday before returning to Canada for the last days of the tour

SUNDAY AT HYDE PARK

MEMORIES OF CRATHIE: One of the Royal cars leaving St. James's Church, Hyde Park, New York State, following the morning service which was attended by the King and Queen and President and Mrs. Roosevelt on Sunday, June 11, when Their Majesties enjoyed a welcome day of rest after their visit to New York. *On right*—The Rev. Frank Wilson, Rector of St. James's, Bishop Tucker, who preached the sermon, the Queen, the King, President Roosevelt, Mr. James Roosevelt, Mrs. Sarah Roosevelt, and Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt (in exuberant spirits) pictured outside the church

FAMILY GROUP: Mrs. Roosevelt, the King, Mrs. Sarah Delano Roosevelt (the President's mother), the Queen, and President Roosevelt seen together at Hyde Park during Their Majesties' Sunday visit. It was a day of delightful informality and the President and his guests enjoyed a picnic lunch in the grounds, the menu including hot dogs and Boston beans. After luncheon two American Redskins gave a musical programme

GOOD-BYE, AMERICA! The King and Queen seen as they bade farewell to their host and hostess. *On left*—Their Majesties seated with the Roosevelts beneath the portico at Hyde Park. Above them hung the Royal Standard and the President's flag

Our "Prefect" *makes top score*

"MY bat needs oiling, my boots are a bit tight, and I'll have to borrow pads and gloves. Otherwise," I said, "I seem to be quite ready."

"The car's ready, anyway," said Betty.

"There are about two gallons in the tank. Will that be enough?"

"Thirty-five miles each way. Two gallons will be plenty. We're taking Tom and his young brother down."

Betty's eyes twinkled.

"Funny how your cricketing days have begun again now we have a 'Prefect'!"

I laughed. Of late I had taken a back seat in our cricket club. When the Secretary heard that we had invested in a "Prefect," however, invitations to play began to pour in. Transportation *is* a problem to a Secretary!

* * *

With Tom and his brother stretching their long legs in the back, with three bulging cricket bags stowed neatly in the large luggage compartment, we were soon passing milestones one-a-minute on the Bath Road. "This 'Prefect' is an astonishing car," said Tom. "It performs like a 'twelve' or a 'fourteen.' And few medium-sized cars have as much leg-room. Holds the road at speed, too, like a sports model."

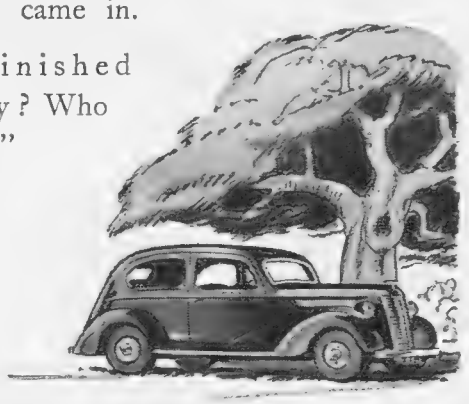
Betty and I smiled. We are proud of our "Prefect." We have to count every penny these days and our choice was made with a careful eye to value—value in performance and appearance. We certainly chose wisely when we bought this Ford.

At eleven-thirty we were sunning ourselves on deck chairs, while Tom and his brother made a first wicket stand. It was after lunch before I had to search round for pads and gloves. At a quarter past three I waved to Betty and started my long walk to the wicket. And at seventeen minutes past I was walking back again, admonitions echoing from a distant past *never* to play back to a half-volley!

Three hours' fielding in the heat made me cast wistful eyes at our "Prefect" waiting in the shade and, by the time stumps were drawn, my boots were beginning to pinch.

Betty looked up from her knitting as we came in.

"Finished already? Who won?"



"A draw, my sweet. It usually is."

* * *

"Pity about that half-volley," added the Captain when we said goodbye. "You'll play next week, won't you?"

"If you don't need a strong eleventh man," I laughed.

He chuckled. "What are a few runs here and there. . . . By the way, that's an awfully nice car you've got. I wonder if you could give Tom and his brother a lift again!"

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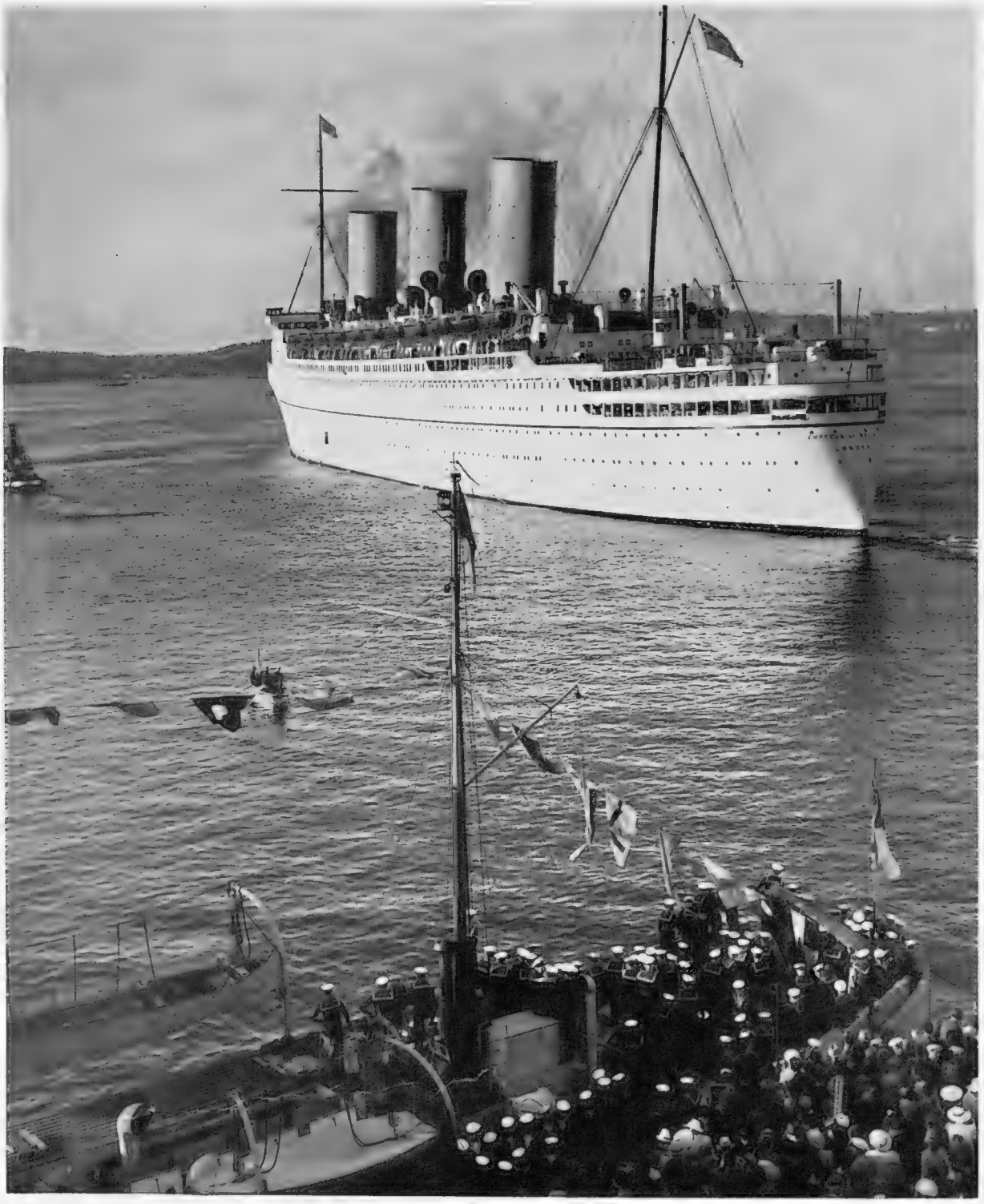
FREDERICTON, CHARLOTTETOWN, AND HALIFAX

NEW BRUNSWICK'S LIEUT.-GOVERNOR escorts the Queen into the New Brunswick Parliament House at Fredericton. This was one of the last halts on the Royal tour before Their Majesties embarked, at Halifax, Nova Scotia, for Newfoundland and home

AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CHARLOTTETOWN: The King and Queen make a final appearance on the balcony. Charlottetown is the capital of Prince Edward Island, to which the Royal party crossed in one of the destroyers of the Royal Canadian Navy

PLANTING A TREE AT HALIFAX: The King and Queen in the public gardens on the last day of their tour. Later at a luncheon at the Nova Scotia Hotel they both delivered memorable broadcasts. In the evening they boarded the liner *Empress of Britain*



In the setting sun of a perfect summer's day the King and Queen sailed for home from Halifax, Nova Scotia, with the God-speed of 12,000,000 Canadians who, it is safe to say, will never forget the time that Their Majesties spent amongst them. To mark the occasion the Canadian Prime Minister presented the Queen with a grey silver fox stole on behalf of the Government and people.

"FAREWELL TO CANADA"—HALIFAX, JUNE 15, 1939

In a farewell broadcast from Halifax, the King declared that it was good to know there "exists a large part of the earth where there is no possibility of war between neighbours, whose peoples are wholly dedicated to the pursuits of peace.' The Queen, who also spoke, declared that she wished "to tell the women and children of Canada how glad I am to have seen so many of them.'

"How do you manage to keep so cool...?"

"That's my secret and '4711's"

DULCË DOMUM! *Yes... and now the Season climbs to a braver, more glorious climax. The Buckingham Palace Garden Party, Wimbledon, Hurlingham, Henley, Cowes ... the sound of light laughter across wide lawns... the pace that's so hard for all its surface calm... the so many, many days when you must not only look but be your brilliant best... your cool, calm, collected, unhurried self...*

Unhurried—yes. But coolness isn't always a matter of manners, charm demands more than poise. As well to remember, sir and madam, the sovereign solace of "*4711*." On hot, headachey days—just a touch on your temples. As a massage after the bath—the final rite of renewal. Sprayed in your drawing-room—sprayed on your neck and shoulders to quiet troubled nerves—at every turn of the rush called modern life, turn to "*4711*." Keeping charm charming, keeping life livable—"*4711*" Genuine Eau de Cologne. Made to-day, as in 1792, to that secret, perfect prescription. The incomparable Eau de Cologne of tradition—the classic one!

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GarEX2a

I REACH THE BRENNER ONCE AGAIN:

A Third Visit to This Pass of Sinister Recollections and Strange Incidents—When Italians Advanced on Munich

By H. J. GREENWALL

ONE day in the middle of November, 1918, I was trying to make my way from the Swiss frontier to Vienna. The defeated Austrian army had commandeered all the trains in which to go home. Travel was precarious and even dangerous, because thousands of hungry soldiery had straggled away from their units and were roaming the roads, looting and even killing. Mob law was rife, and an American friend and myself were almost prepared to abandon our objective, when lo and behold who should appear before our astonished gaze but an Italian division.

The Italians had reached Austria at last! Fighting had ceased, the Armistice was signed, Caporetto was a receding nightmare, and the Italians were marching, marching—to Munich, so they told us. In an Italian motor car ridden in by Italian officers my friend and I obtained a lift. We drove through a bitter night, with forest fires burning on all sides. The retreating Austrians were lighting these fires, but the advancing Italians were bringing indirect succour to the hungry Austrian civilians, because the Italian division coming pell mell up the Brenner Pass from Verona, the cavalry riding hell for leather through the snow-clad valley, were killing off their horses in dozens, and the abandoned carcasses provided welcome meat for the meatless population.

At the top of the Brenner Pass I left the Italians, and from Innsbruck managed to take train to Vienna, but my interest in the Italian division continued, and I troubled myself to obtain news and to learn whether the troops ever did reach Munich where, Heaven knows, they had no right or reason to be. News reached me that the Italians were turned back the day after I left them. No Austrian force barred their passage to the capital of Bavaria, but the then all-powerful President Wilson, reading of the march, caused orders to be sent to turn and head off the Italians, who having marched up the Brenner Pass, now marched back again.

In the course of time came Mussolini, and during the days when his frowning brow was as yet unadorned with the invisible wreath of laurels he nowadays appears to be always wearing, the future Duce delivered a speech, to-day practically forgotten, but that speech nevertheless for a brief week shook Europe. Mussolini spoke a warning to Austrian intriguers in the conquered Tyrol, and in ironic and biting phrases spoke of the clumsy German tourists "scattering orange peel."

Once again I went to the Brenner Pass, taking the last night train northwards from Verona, and alighting, by accident, in a small village, was interviewed in the complete darkness by an English colleague who mistook me for a refugee.

The Brenner Pass in those days was a hotbed of intrigue. In Botzano (né Botzen) I encountered an Austrian lawyer who was the local leader of the anti-Italian movement. He had recently been placed under arrest because Italian officials had raided his office and found him in possession of a penknife.

A German journalist had arrived in secret and he was to meet the lawyer at his house that evening; the lawyer lived with a wife and baby in a small villa on the outskirts of Botzano. I was invited to go there. I was asked not to give the address in the presence of the hotel porter. I had a horse-drawn cab call for me and in the pouring rain drove to my rendezvous, a very lonely spot, where there was no likelihood of obtaining a vehicle in which to return to my hotel. I therefore told the driver of my droshky to wait, and grumblingly he agreed.

Over coffee and cake the lawyer and the journalist talked with me of their bold enterprise; they spoke of the day which would dawn, when this land would be Austrian again. In an adjoining room, with the door open so that she could hear, the lawyer's wife sat with her baby. For an hour and more the conversation continued; there were tales told of sudden police raids in the night, when the Italians carried away suspects to distant *confini*, from whence word of them never came. It was while such a tale was being told that there were three sharp raps on the front door. The wife gathered her child to her. The German journalist polished his spectacles. The Austrian lawyer resolutely buttoned up his jacket. I felt very sheepish. Three more raps, and the lawyer then marched towards the door, the German and I following. The Austrian faced fate by flinging open the door. There stood my soaked cabby, a pathetic figure, piteously asking if he would have to wait much longer.

Dollfuss is dead and once again the Brenner Pass is in the news. It is reported that Mussolini, in an outburst of anger provoked by this Nazi murder of the miniscule Chancellor, has caused an Italian army corps to be moved to the foot of the pass, as if in warning to Germany.

A spin of history's wheel, and here am I once again journeying up this narrow gulley from Italy to what was Austria the last time I was this way and is now Germany. Europe is rife with stories of a huge German army which is alleged to have passed southwards into Italy. I have a list of towns and cities in Italy where these troops are rumoured to be stationed, and I visit all these places in my search for this phantom army. I go on foot and by train along the pass to Brennero, which was formerly Brenner, and which is now the German frontier post. No sign of the German army, but another army is still pouring down the pass, an army of German tourists, who alight in the fruit market of Verona and eat their way across it like a flight of locusts. The tourists swarm into Milan and into Venice, where the Italians are not at all pleased at this visibility of the German side of the Axis. Their advent spells no trade boom for the hotelier and the shopkeeper.

The German tourists have come with a special dispensation from the Führer. They are allowed to spend no more than 20 lira per head per day, and their hotel accommodation is not paid by the tourists but through the medium of hotel coupons, so the unfortunate Italian hotel keepers have to wait three and four months before the coupons are cleared and the money paid.

Apart from the middle-aged, badly dressed German tourists coming down the Brenner Pass, there are others who while forming part of various branches of the German army and navy, flying corps, and special administrations, such as the secret police and the propaganda service, cannot be said to form an army in themselves. These men, who wear mufti, come by the ordinary trains and travel looking much like men bent on commercial business, but their business is considerably grimmer than commerce. They are Hitler's men come to tighten the grasp of the dominant partner in this new alliance. Not only in north Italy, but in Rome and in the south are hundreds of German officers and members of the Nazi administration who are penetrating into every branch of Italian national life. I hear it alleged that all Italian Fascist services are from now on to be standardised with the Nazi services. Italy cannot really approve of a move of this nature.

Yet the Brenner Pass, which I now see in its third phase since the historic end of 1918, has recently seen some military traffic passing south, and very sinister traffic it was. Great big-hearted Germany presented her "brilliant second," Italy, with approximately one-half of the booty seized when the rape of Czecho-slovakia was completed. Train loads of Czech machine-guns, tanks, munitions and light artillery passed south down the pass at the moment when the first green was to be seen on the fig and mulberry trees which skirt the swift-flowing rivers of this grim Brenner Pass of sinister memories.

I wonder when I shall be travelling along this way again?

UP THE TORTUOUS REACHES OF THE YANGTSE: A river steamer on its way to Ichang, the city which Japanese planes have of late been bombing repeatedly and where they have done very considerable damage. The river near Ichang is difficult to navigate

IN BOMBED ICHANG

A Correspondent Describes Conditions in this Yangtse City on which Japan has now Turned

I ARRIVED in Ichang to find it still shaken from the bombings of the previous week. From the river bank, as we arrived, we saw only a few bomb holes on the foreshore, some burnt-out, demolished houses, and the wreck of several junks that had been blown out of the water.

But that evening when I walked about in the badly bombed areas I was horrified at the sight. Literally whole streets of homes had been demolished.

Now the populace leave the city at dawn and go out into the country, or they congregate on the foreshore in front of foreign properties and do not return to the city till dusk.

There is a distinct block of foreign buildings in Ichang, apart from the Chinese city, and we are hoping we are safe here. Every British house has a large Union Jack painted on the roof. The Union Jack on the roof of Jardine's large godown (warehouse) is as large as a tennis court, so there should be no excuse for bombing these properties. However, Union Jacks and Stars and Stripes have not been respected in other parts of Ichang, the excuse being that they were near military objectives. Deaconess Riebe of the American Church Mission was in their hill property on the morning of March 15 when the Japanese dropped five bombs in the compound (enclosed garden). The deaconess thereupon evacuated the property, taking her Chinese charges down to the American Church Mission property near the French Catholic Cathedral, and not far from the British Consulate and other foreign properties. That afternoon the Japanese came over again, and the deaconess, feeling safe in these surroundings, decided to watch the raid from under a tree in the garden. Immediately after she left the house two bombs demolished it. Another bomb fell in the garden less than 15 yds. from where Deaconess Riebe stood. It made a deep hole in the soft earth and the blast went straight up into the air so the deaconess was unhurt.

Despite all the bombings, Ichang is still very full and very busy. It is not normally a large city, and has no large hotel but only a few old-fashioned small Chinese inns. To-day even the smallest and dirtiest of these are crammed with refugees who have been pouring into Ichang from down river ever since Hankow was taken by the Japanese last October. Many small shops have stopped their usual business and are renting out their rooms to lodgers, finding this more profitable than the retail trade. And still there are people unable to get rooms. The local Government has arranged that temples and schools be used as temporary shelters.

Ichang is especially congested because it is the western terminus of deep-water navigation on the Yangtse. River steamers and large junks discharge their cargoes and passengers at Ichang even in normal times and these re-ship into smaller, shallower boats that can ascend the rapids. Of every 200 passengers discharged from a big steamer only 100 can be taken on any one rapids steamer, so many thousands have been waiting their turn for weeks. Chinese passengers, before being able to buy a ticket from Ichang, have to register at a Government office, and afterwards get a certificate from a hospital to prove vaccination against cholera. As the registration certificates are numbered, no one can get his steamer ticket out of turn.

Even so, steamers and junks from Ichang to Chungking are frightfully overcrowded. The coolie-class decks are so crowded that only a fortunate few can find enough room to lie down: some stand during the whole of the two-days journey.

After Chungking was bombed recently part of this tremendous stream of refugees started to flow back to Ichang. Then, the following Sunday night, a beautiful moonlight night, perfect for bombing, Ichang was heavily bombed . . Just after midnight the first warning siren made the dreaded screech. Ten minutes later came the second warning, and then we heard the deep throb of the bombers' engines.

The populace were all caught in the city. There was a mad rush to shut shops (which do business only at night) to pack up booths, and to run into the country with sleeping children and all the infants and old folks who hang on to any Chinese family.

I watched the raid from my lawn until the aeroplanes seemed to be right overhead, when I thought it prudent to retire to the cellar. I had just got in when I heard the frightful metallic whistle made by the falling bombs. They fell with a sickening crump about a quarter of a mile away. The "all clear" went at 1.30 a.m., and we went back to bed only to be wakened by another

(*Continued on page 578*)

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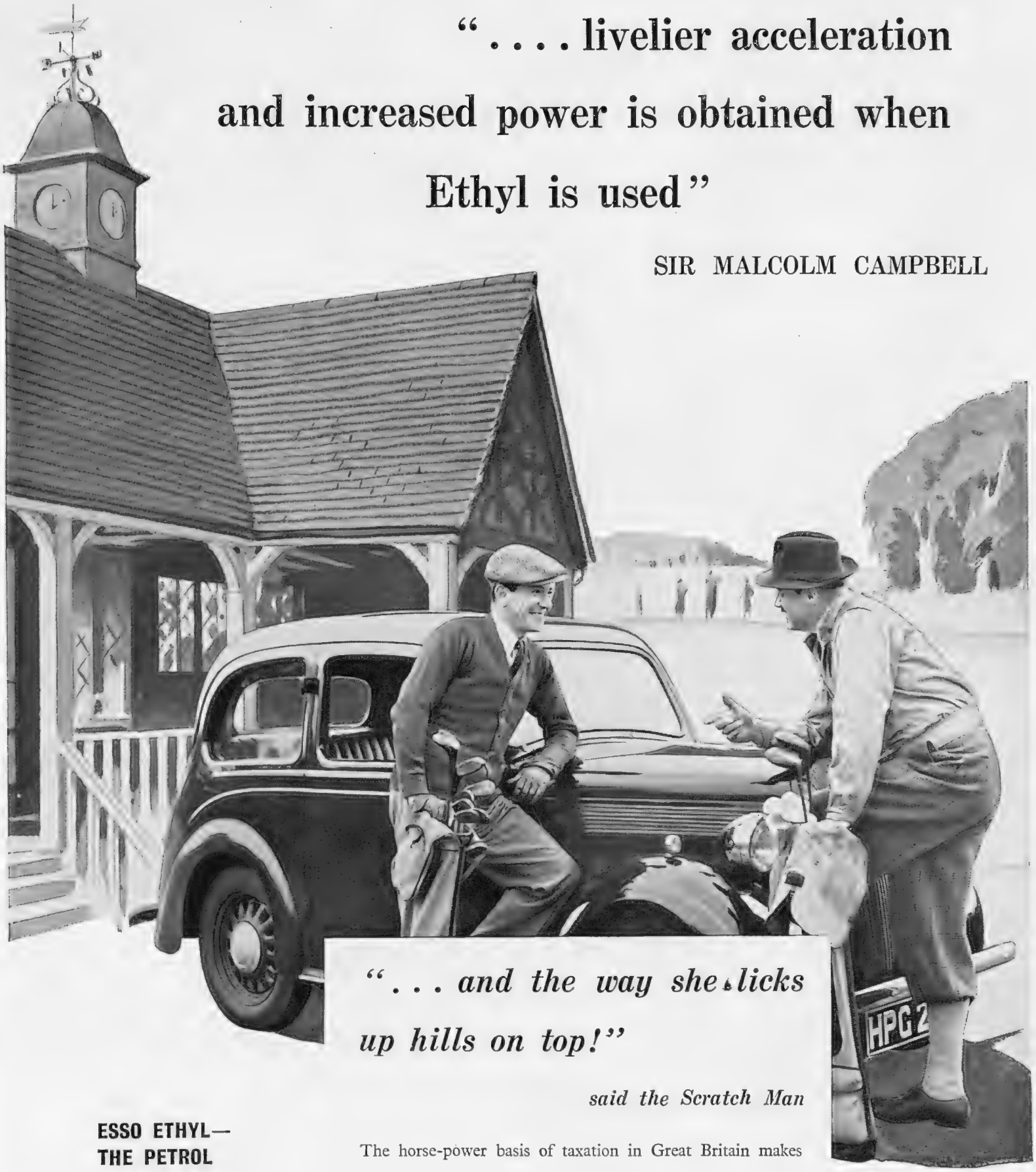

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THE NEAREST THING TO FLYING

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A PLAY WITH A PURPOSE: Bandy Bowen (Charles Williams) traces Doreen Pierce (Kay Bannerman) to the hilltop and finds her comforting the shell-shocked Captain Felton (Raymond Huntley) A scene from *Rhondda Roundabout*, the play by Jack Jones which was received with such enthusiasm by the critics when recently presented at the Globe Theatre and, largely through their efforts, was given a further lease of life when box-office returns showed signs of languishing. The play is full of sincerity and presents a fair cross-section of life in the bitterly distressed Rhondda

On Stage and Screen

A COLOURFUL ACTRESS IN A COLOURLESS ROLE

Judy Kelly's Hard Task To Infuse Vitality Into "Bridge of Sighs"

By PHILIP PAGE

DURING the first scene of *Bridge of Sighs* at the St. Martin's—a play less rather than more about Catherine of Russia—I recalled how Bernard Shaw treated that strong-willed and passionate sovereign. (It is, by the way, becoming increasingly difficult to keep Mr. Shaw out of any sort of dramatic discussion.) His *Great Catherine* is not one of his best plays, but it is one of his liveliest and extremely characteristic. If the Empress talked and behaved like all the other Shavian domineering women, she was at least a human being, if not a particularly Russian one. Neither was Catherine particularly Russian, for she was, in point of fact, a German.

The real Catherine is much more likely to have been Shavian than just a colourless stage figure, frowning and queening it with her "we must do this," "we must be obeyed" and so forth, but colourless none the less. Miss Judy Kelly, who is herself a colourful young actress and a clever one, did all that was humanly possible to put life in her; she looked regally handsome, wore her clothes with an air and spouted conventional lines with one of the pleasantest speaking voices on the English stage. But this Catherine could never have sat on her subjects either figuratively or literally, and in the latter case one feels that she would have weighed nothing.

Potemkin, who sat at a writing table during that first scene, doing nothing in particular and doing it very well, was, on the other hand, obviously a person of weight, but only because there is plenty physically of Mr. Roy Emerton, who managed to bring out the peasant quality of the man, but had little opportunity to do anything else. Shaw made Potemkin a glorious figure of uncouth comedy.

Now it is hardly fair to compare Mr. A. Grunwald, who wrote *Bridge of Sighs*, with Mr. Shaw, the more so since the former's aim was romantic melodrama and that of the latter ironic comedy. The costumes in this play are romantic enough, the stage settings very pretty indeed, and the whole production more than competent. Beyond that there is very little.

There is a story—that of a young princess, living in Ragusa, whom certain conspirators would have liked to see on the throne of Russia; of Catherine's determination to stop the plot by sending Count Orloff to bring the pretender to her own court.

This the Count does, but in the meantime falls in love with her and she with him. He pleads with Catherine to be merciful, which, most surprisingly, Catherine shows some signs of being, when the princess herself solves the problem by getting herself accidentally drowned. Such a story would have served had it not been decked out in stiff and unlikely language and made to move with ponderous slowness.

Miss Gayane Mickeladze, a Russian new-comer, had most of the fat. Like all these visitors from somewhere in Europe she was dreadfully restless. And she allowed varying emotions to chase each other across her face with such bewildering speed that when Count Orloff, in a sort of *Taming of the Shrew* episode, shouted at her "Stop making faces!" it seemed that he was referring to her acting. For all that, she *can* act, and considering she was faced with pronunciation difficulties and a poorish play, she acquitted herself pretty well on the whole. Mr. Reginald Tate played her lover with the necessary swagger.

The large cast included a strange man who wandered in and out quoting Shakespeare, for no reason that I could discover, and a sepulchral priest who might have been the ghost of the late Alfred Lester.

"Pygmalion."—I need not apologise for dragging in Mr. Shaw's name again in dealing with *Pygmalion* at the Haymarket, seeing that he wrote it. It is not, by the way, a fact that this amusing piece has been revived, as some people seem to imagine, solely because an exceptionally successful film version was recently made. There were at least two revivals—one at the Aldwych and another at the Court—before the film was ever contemplated, and I do not doubt that there will be plenty more when that film, for all its virtues, has been forgotten.

It is as good fun as ever it was. Miss Margaret Rawlings, who now plays the part created by Mrs. Patrick Campbell, is a wise choice for Eliza Doolittle. She has the right voice, for one thing; the humour

(*Continued on page* 566)

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ON STAGE AND SCREEN

(Continued from page 564)

SERENADE: Georges Thil as the ardent lover, Julien, in the film version of Gustave Charpentier's *Louise* in which he co-stars with Grace Moore. The picture was reviewed in "The Sphere" of June 17 and in the course of his remarks Philip Page declared that "an effort had been made to please both the film public and the operatic public, with the result that it had inevitably offended both"

of those vulgar remarks would be lost were they not meticulously pronounced in tones of booming intensity. And Miss Rawlings never makes the mistake of giving the impression that she realises the absurdity of it all; she takes it quite seriously. In the Shavian slanging match which comes later on, she more than holds her own with Mr. Basil Sydney, the professor who has "educated" her with such odd results. I had heard a rumour that the ballroom scene, which was a feature of the film, was to be incorporated in the play but was relieved to find that this was not so. Those who might have had to find the money for it are probably more relieved still.

The smaller parts (though each one of them is important in itself) are exceptionally well played. Mr. Lewis Casson has the exact air of detachment for the Colonel. Miss Helen Haye contemplated that strange experiment with an air of amused understanding, and seemed about the wisest person on that stage, though I found it hard to believe that she was intended to be Mr. Sydney's mother. A most human picture of anxious motherhood was contributed by Miss Tonie Edgar Bruce.

The End of Opera: The opera season is over but already the prospectus has been issued for the season of 1940 at Covent Garden. Sir Thomas Beecham, who is tired after his superhuman labours and not, it seems, in the best of health, is to take a long rest from all musical activity. He certainly deserves a rest but most earnestly do I hope that he will reconsider his decision to do no conducting at all next year but merely to remain in the background in a managerial capacity.

He is England's greatest conductor—the greatest conductor England has ever had—and he can also rival the Continental giants, even Toscanini. His work at Covent Garden this year has been as brilliant as it has been assiduous, and it will be tantalising and even tragic if we find him in the theatre next season but not at the conductor's desk. But as Sir Thomas Beecham happens (thank goodness) to like conducting, I feel sure that he will yield to the temptation to take up the baton again, if only to show certain lesser lights how it should be done.

Considering the difficulties with which it was beset, the season which has just concluded has been artistically a success; the wealthier patrons of opera have not, as Sir Thomas has pointed out, rolled up in sufficient numbers to make it an equal success commercially. For without a large and steady sale of stalls and boxes grand opera means a considerable financial loss. An attack of the jitters, owing to the international situation, has been held to be the main reason. It may also be the case that those wealthy patrons are nowadays not so wealthy as they used to be, and the cost of stalls and boxes is extremely high. Of course it has to be.

The orchestra have been the chief heroes. But I would like to add a word of praise for the general production of the operas and in particular the lighting. I know of no theatre in the world where the lighting can be better than it is at Covent Garden when Mr. Charles Moor is in charge of the stage, as he has been this year, the umpteenth year in succession. *The Ring* in particular was superbly staged and lighted and the fire effect in the last act of *Die Walküre* was positively awe-inspiring.

The singing has not been quite what it has been in the past, though there have been some quite notable exceptions, notably Madame Thorborg in *The Ring* and *Tristan*. A magnificent artiste. And popular Herr Richard Tauber showed us in *Don Giovanni* some ideal Mozart singing.

"TROUBLE BREWING" is the title of comedian George Formby's new picture which has just had its world premiere at the London Pavilion. He is seen here with Martita Hunt whose finger-prints he is evidently engaged in taking

And now for a technical note. Lots of people find lots of things in opera unconsciously funny, and possibly they are right. Any form of stage production that is bound, as is grand opera, by utterly non-realistic convention is bound to have its comic side.

To me one of the most ludicrous things in opera is a little point on which, so far as I know, no one has yet commented—Siegfried's blowing of his horn. I do not suggest that this is a side-splitting joke, a gem of humour "of the purest ray serene." But when that hero plucks from his waist an ordinary cow's-horn, from which one or at the most two notes could with considerable difficulty be extracted, and plays on it one of the most elaborate musical passages ever written, without batting an eyelid, I can never refrain from smiling.

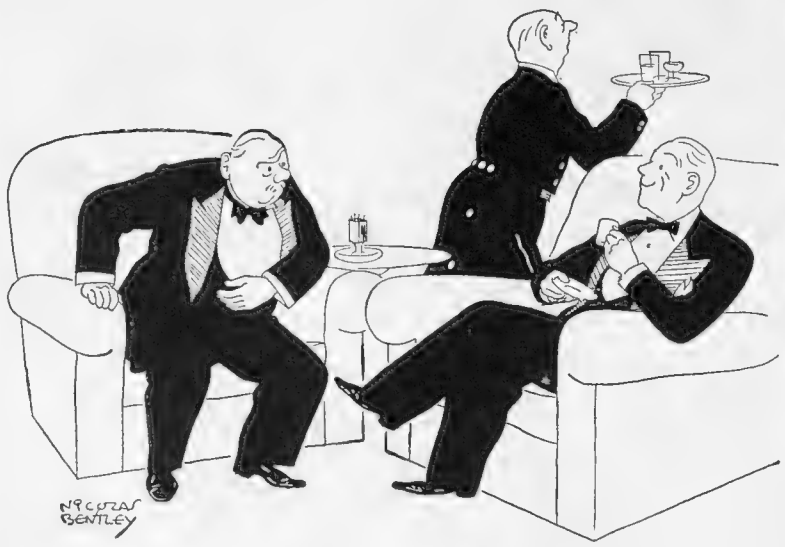
If you can picture a skilled horn-player from the orchestra standing behind a bit of scenery in a dinner-jacket, holding a large and immensely complicated brass instrument, smothered with valves and with as many twists to it as a company promoter, and sweating blood in order not to make a mistake, and then look on the plump and smiling Siegfried gaily going through the motions with that silly little thing (used later on for a Wagnerian cocktail), so much the better.

TRAGI-COMEDY IN PROVENCE: Aimable, the baker, and Aurelie, his young and faithless wife, are played by Raimu and Ginette Leclerc in Marcel Pagnol's latest film which has been received with great enthusiasm at the Berkeley Cinema. Marcel Pagnol, who has long since scorned commercialism in films, has a studio in Marseilles and his colourful interpretations of life in the Provence are revealing him as one of the most inspired directors of our day

Ballet: Opera has now given place to the Russian Ballet at Covent Garden and during the first two weeks sixteen different ballets are being presented.

-and soda by Schweppes of course

Mr Can't: *'If only I could forget my digestion'*



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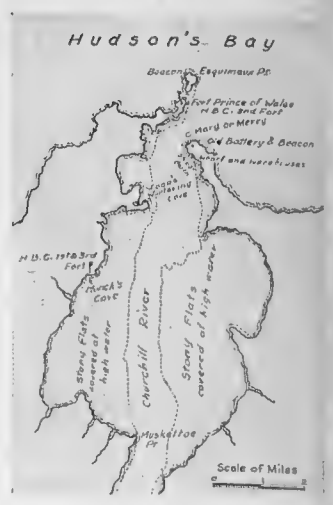

PORT CHURCHILL, HUDSON'S BAY: A sketch map from Mr. Arthur S. Morton's *History of the Canadian West*. Churchill played an important part in pioneering days and in modern times is again looming large as a grain-exporting centre

CANADA'S history falls into two distinct periods. In the first there took place the long struggle of England and France for supremacy in North America; in the second we witness the growth under British rule of a conquered colony, at first entirely French, into a nation occupying half a continent.

It is a wholly enthralling story and much of it has been told time and time again by able historians. One phase of the story, however, has not until now been recorded in the full detail it deserves, and that relates to penetration and development of the Canadian west.

To fill this gap Mr. Arthur S. Morton, head of the Department of History of the University of Saskatchewan, has laboured for many years and the result is a book* of close on 1,000 pages in which the author presents us with a wholly unforgettable picture of the birth of those lands that, among other things, now constitute the great granary of the world. At the beginning of the two centuries covered by this volume the vast expanse of the continent of North America between Labrador and the Pacific Ocean was hidden to European eyes as behind a veil.

Then came the search for the mysterious Western Sea which, though not immediately bringing the white men to their goal, brought them to this new and undreamt of world of Canada where, to their delight, they discovered fur resources beyond their wildest dreams. Thereafter the fur trade flourished exceedingly. The vogue for beaver hats was in part responsible for this prosperity, while the white man's adoption of the Indian's canoe solved the vital problem of transportation, enabling traders to penetrate farther and yet farther westward until the Rocky Mountains and finally the Pacific Ocean were reached.

All this the author tells us with a wealth of detail that is the outcome of his intimate knowledge of the territory and also of his own scholarship and tenacity. He has actually followed the old canoe and trading routes and he has identified the site of many a long-lost trading post. It is an enthralling narrative and at times no less breath-taking in its drama than that conjured up in the fertile imagination of James Fenimore Cooper.

In the last fifty years dealt with by this volume (1821–1871) we see Canada's gradual emergence from the pioneering days. We see the Hudson's Bay Company, with all its rivals absorbed, holding a continental domain at peace under its mild paternal sway.

At first only the fur resources of the Canadian west were exploited, but men were gradually beginning to realise the potential agricultural wealth of the prairies and to surmise the mineral wealth that lay beneath the earth. But neither the one nor the other could be exploited till the problem of transportation was solved. Then the railways came to transform the situation. "They gave Canadians the hope of amassing wealth in the wheatfields of the fertile belt. They offered the colonists of British Columbia an escape from the geographical and economic isolation which barred them from prosperity. They made possible the union of all the British colonies in North America in a dominion from sea to sea Through them the wealth drawn by Canada from the prairie soil, and the store of gold and precious metals hewn from the shaggy mountains, are poured into the lap of a nation. Manifestly a new phase of history begins with the building of the railways. The era of the canoe comes to an end."

It is on this note that Mr. Morton ends his first volume and at the same time whets our appetite for the next.

* *A History of the Canadian West (to 1870-71)*. Vol. I. By A. S. Morton. (Nelson. 25s.).

CANADA'S TEEMING GAME PRESERVES

An Undoubted Economic Asset

HUNDREDS of thousands of big-game animals roam thousands of square miles of western Canada to help swell the coffers of the Dominion and individual Canadians. The big game which once was threatened with extinction because of the many who hunted for fur, to-day roams unmolested over vast areas and annually increases in such numbers that now there is little likelihood of the extinction of any of the principal species. Guns no longer bark at scurrying or resting animals. The only shooting to-day over vast areas is with the camera.

A BOLD APPROACH: This young deer was curious about the flying boat which landed on Kingsmere Lake in Prince Albert National Park, Saskatchewan

Governmental policy has been to save wild life, especially types such as the buffalo and antelope, which were at the beginning of the century practically extinct, though once these animals had roamed in millions over the western plains. This policy was followed because of the perpetuation of the faunal resources of the Dominion, and has become a great contributor to Canada's tourist attractions. There are few spots on the continent where you can see buffalo, elk, antelopes, bears, mountain sheep, and other big-game animals mingling in natural surroundings, crossing motor highways, coming into towns and motor camps for food tit-bits, and so accustomed to seeing humans as to have lost their fear of them. Canada's game preserves open to tourist traffic encompass over 12,000 sq. miles.

A BABY MOOSE nibbles at the lilies in 1,148-sq. mile Riding Mountain National Park, Manitoba

These game preserves were picked mainly because they were the stamping grounds of much wild life. Nemiskam and Wawaskesy antelope preserves in southern Alberta are recent examples of this policy. Here herds of wild antelope were located. There were no antelopes in nearby sections, and so as late as 1922 these two areas, one of 8 sq. miles and the other 54 sq. miles, were fenced in and set aside as antelope preserves.

The principal game preserves are Glacier, Kootenay, Revelstoke, and Yoho in eastern British Columbia; Banff, Buffalo, Elk Island, Jasper, Nemiskam, Waterton Lakes, and Wawaskesy in Alberta; Prince Albert in Saskatchewan, and Riding Mountain in Manitoba.

J. M.

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THE WORLD OF BOOKS:

Reviewed by VERNON FANE

THE WIDOW

SIR ORPHEUS

THE BETROTHED

Feliks Topolski has made these three drawings, among many others, for Bernard Shaw's play, Geneva, *which has been published in book form by Messrs. Constable. Those who have seen the play, which has just concluded its six months West End run, will particularly appreciate the artistry of these drawings. The part of Sir Orpheus Midlander was played both at the Malvern Festival last year and in London by Ernest Thesiger*

MR. RALPH BREWSTER is one of those indomitable travellers who, undeterred by cloudbursts, lack of ready money, collapsing tents, collapsing donkeys and processions of bedbugs, chooses year by year to visit the most lovely and remote places and to write about them for our edification and delight.

The drawbacks I have mentioned would be discouraging to an older or less sanguine man, but Mr. Brewster rightly thinks that a competent knowledge of modern Greek, a profound interest in archæology and a fine disregard for the creature comforts constitute adequate travelling gear, and proves it once again in THE ISLAND OF ZEUS (Duckworth. 15s.).

Some expeditions start out richly sponsored and equipped by optimistic outfitters with every new, ingenious gadget that may make the journey easy and the outfitter rich in consequence. Mr. Brewster's exodus, which was from Corfu, was *autrement inauguré*. About this time he wrote to a friend mentioning his despair "at having to let the best season for my journey go by because my publishers refused to advance me the necessary funds, yet kept on tormenting me with friendly but hurt letters for not having begun the book."

Finally, however, he sets sail with a young Austrian companion and the bare minimum of cash, to land on Crete's beautiful but not outstandingly hospitable shore. A few weeks later, when ill with fever and with rations reduced to two or three tangerines a day, the publishers appear to have relented, for at the crucial moment a draft of £15 arrived from them, and the crisis was passed. It was during the feverish days before this heaven-sent message, by the way, that Mr. Brewster gave proof of real scientific detachment.

"Having no thermometer," he writes, "and no watch to measure my pulse, my only system for calculating it approximately was by humming the opening bars of the Beethoven violin concerto. Somebody said those beats of the timpani represented the beats of Beethoven's heart. If so, he must have had a very quick pulse, for mine is normally considerably slower than the proper *tempo* of that first movement. Yet now my pulse was beating a great deal faster than the proper *tempo*. It turned it almost into a *presto*. That meant my pulse must be over 100."

In his wanderings across and round the island of Crete, Mr. Brewster and his friend Freddy were accompanied rather spasmodically by two donkeys called, with a nice sense of fitness, Minos and Rhadamanthus. Like their more prosaically-named brothers, the donkeys M. and R. let their owners down at least once a day. They dawdled, they lay down and, if such a conversational trick can be true of a donkey, they changed the subject, whenever that subject happened to be work, with the smoothest facility.

Nevertheless, Mr. Brewster contrived to examine all the Minoan and early Greek sites that he had planned to visit, to talk to and to listen to innumerable Cretans, and to take some impressive photographs of the palaces and mountains of the mythological home of Zeus.

He has that light insouciant style of the contemporary traveller to perfection; a style so different from that of the equally adventurous but more stolid Victorian adventurers, and he has a sense of drama which recognises the possibilities of any chance encounter. It is this extra sensibility of Mr. Brewster's which is responsible for two of the best stories in the book: the story of Iorgis and his bandit bride, and the even more hair-raising little biography of the girl who left home and comfort for a leper.

I cannot truthfully say that this is a book which makes me long to take my next holiday in Crete, but it has a possibly greater value to anyone who leads a circumscribed life. Mr. Brewster's book shows the reader a Crete he might never discover for himself, and does it in what I am persuaded is the only comfortable method of travel.

Mr. Pierre van Paassen was a Dutchman, and is now an American: he fought with the Canadians in France. His autobiography, DAYS OF OUR YEARS (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.), begins with his early years in the little Dutch village across which the shadow of a rigid Calvinism lay dark and sombre. Migrating to Canada with his parents, he was drawn into the war in 1918, with hatred in his heart both for war and the country for which he was supposed to be fighting. From his earliest childhood he had hated Britain for what she had done to his Boer kinsmen in South Africa; and he had no sympathy with the Allies, since "Belgium's rape did not raise my indignation for a moment. I had always held the Belgian state, oppressor of the Flemish people, in abomination."

After the war he became a roving correspondent for the *New York World* in Europe, from whence, with his gift for languages, he was able to send dispatches on the various wars and upsets there, and to establish himself successfully in the company of such famous correspondents as Sheean, Gunther, Floyd Gibbons, Farson and the rest.

In material this book does not differ very much from any of the other high-pressure accounts of the la-

(Continued on page 57)

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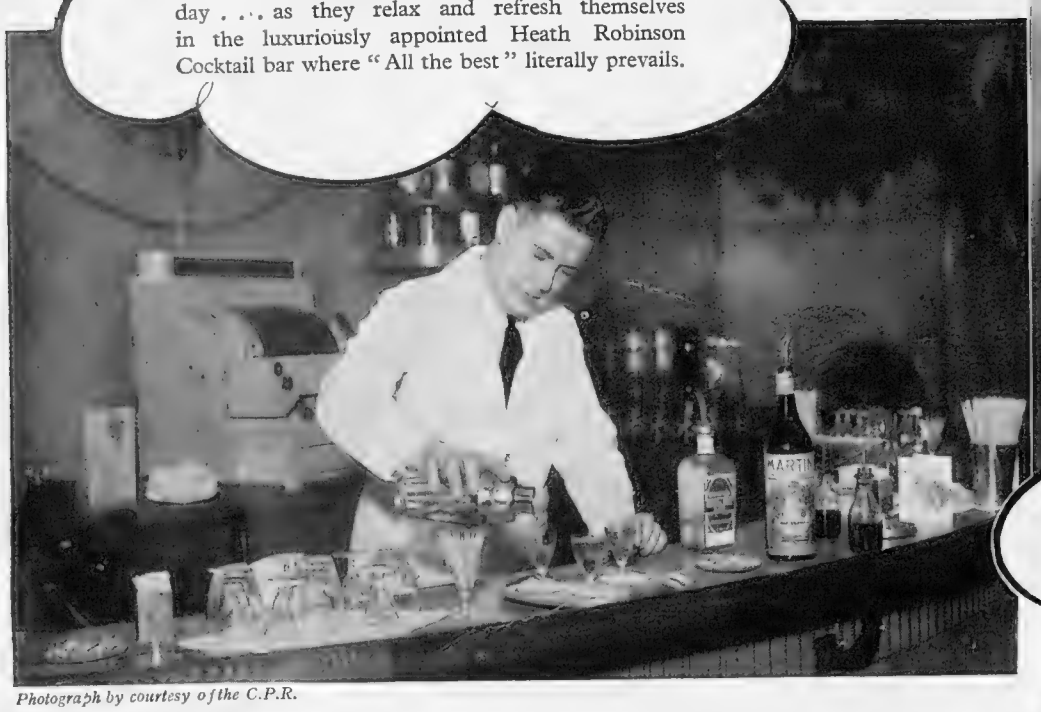

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THE WORLD OF BOOKS

(*Continued from page* 570)

"MURDER TO HOUNDS" is the intriguing title of Edward Acheson's detective story which has recently been published by Messrs. Harrap and Co., Ltd. Mr. Acheson is a University lecturer on economics

twenty years in Europe written by American journalists, but in content it is in considerable contrast, for Mr. van Paassen is imbued throughout by many abominations and many hatreds. He does not like the British. He despises Mussolini, of whom he tells some savage and bitter stories and he is equally acid on the subject of the Führer. He believes that the peace-loving peoples of the world are being betrayed and tricked into war by a gang of international financiers and munition manufacturers.

He was in Abyssinia, in Palestine, and in the Spanish war. He re-tells the well-known fable of the Pope appearing to the soldiers in no man's land during the war.

He tells of how he went to enlist the support of Dreyfus for Sacco and Vanzetti, and how he was met with a curt refusal.

The book is, in fact, full to its 458 pages of vivid journalism, and better in that respect than most of its type. Its defects are the serious ones of overstatement and vehemence to a point where even the most sympathetic reader must put it down with the feeling that hatred of injustice does not irrefutably establish its existence.

"Has it ever struck you," says the hero of Mr. George Orwell's new novel, "that there's a thin man inside every fat man, just as they say there's a statue inside every block of stone?"

COMING UP FOR AIR (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.) is the story of a fat man, a fat, undistinguished little man of about forty-five, and it is that rare thing, a completely successful character sketch. "A chap like me is incapable of looking like a gentleman. Even if you saw me at 200 yards' distance you'd know immediately—not, perhaps, that I was in the insurance business, but that I was some kind of tout or salesman. . . . And I've got the look that's peculiar to people who sell things on commission, a kind of coarse, brazen look. At my best moments . . . . I might pass for a bookie or a publican, and when things are very bad I might be touting vacuum cleaners, but at ordinary times you'd place me correctly. 'Five to ten quid a week,' you'd say as soon as you saw me. . . . "

Having won £17 on a horse, and being further reassured by a new and well-fitting set of teeth, George Bowling decides to visit the scenes of his childhood, a little town on the higher reaches of the Thames valley. It is an impulsive action and sadly doomed to disillusion. The town has spread, has been "developed," and is unrecognisable. The fields are garden suburbs and the pond where the biggest carp of all lurked has become a rubbish dump. In sad and rather beery solitude, Mr. Bowling mourns the past.

Here is the real stuff of nostalgia, the longings of the little, ordinary man, made suddenly articulate and allowed the instincts of a man of far greater perception. It is a triumph in its own kind and with it Mr. Bowling joins the goodly company of Mr. Polly.

Miss Elizabeth Seifert's **YOUNG DOCTOR** (Collins. 7s. 6d.) is, we are told, a £2,000 prize-winning novel, though I myself think it would have been more accurate to describe it as a 10,000-dollar prize-winner, since the setting is so frankly and exclusively American, the situations so improbable in a more or less enlightened community than a Middle-Western one, and the very manner of its telling so much more foreign than a good translation from the French or German.

For all that it is a good, if not a new story. The young doctor is appointed to a hospital in a small American town where—shades of Zenith—he discovers that gossip is a vital force and that the most talented of men may have to conform to the standards set down by the local women's club, a strange and powerful sect of women whose dictation we have so far escaped over here. The young man, Tony, also discovers two very creditable representations of sacred and profane love and is eventually whisked to the altar by one of them.

There is Marietta, one of those scarlet and gold, laughing girls with "full, competent hips," and there is Carolyn, who is a justification for pastels and writes a little timid poetry. She finally proposes to Tony and creates a situation which supplies one of the genuinely witty lines of the novel. "In the presence of this phenomenon," writes Miss Seifert, "Tony felt a kind of awed discomfort, like a tone-deaf man at a symphony."

Tony succumbs, though, and we leave him pursuing a brilliant career as a surgeon and a tolerable one as the husband of a good housewife. Where the story seems to me to be lacking is in the element of suspense or even mild surprise. It is told with immense competence, and the medical details will have their own receptive audience, but from the moment our "decent, unsophisticated" hero arrived in the little town of Darcey one had an uncomfortable feeling that Providence and Miss Seifert had his end mapped out for him, and no concessions to sensationalism were going to alter it.

BOOKS RECEIVED

SOUTHERN RAILWAY.—HINTS FOR HOLIDAYS, 1939. 6d. WARD LOCK.—GIVE ME LIBERTY. By John Kent. 7s. 6d. BLACKIE.—PETRA: The Rock City of Edom. By M. A. Murray. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. THE GENTLE ART OF WALKING. By Geoffrey Murray. Illustrated. 8s. 6d. THE CATHOLIC BOOK CLUB.—THE CARAVAN PILGRIM. By Peter F. Anson. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. COLLINS.—THE SCENE CHANGES. By Sir Basil Thomson. 18s. WEEK-END GARDEN. By Phœbe Fenwick Gaye. Illustrated. 8s. 6d. CHATTO & WINDUS.—THE STRANGER IN THE HOUSE: A Life of Caroline of Brunswick. By Howard Coxe. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. LOST LIBERTY? By Joan and Jonathan Griffin. 8s. 6d. CRESSET PRESS.—HAMMER, SICKLE AND BATON. By H. Unger. 8s. 6d. FABER & FABER.—NORWAY: Changing and Changeless. By Agnes Rothery. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. GOLLANCZ.—I SWEAR BY APOLLO: A Life of Medical Adventure. By William E. Aughinbaugh. 10s. 6d. THE JUNIOR WEEK-END BOOK. Written and compiled by J. R. Evans. 6s. THE DEVIL IN GREENLANDS. By John Newton Chance. 7s. 6d. HARRAP.—GANGWAY DOWN! By Dave Marlowe. 8s. 6d. HAMISH HAMILTON.—NEXT TO VALOUR. By John Jennings. 10s. 6d. HEINEMANN.—THE END OF ECONOMIC MAN: A Study of the New Totalitarianism. By Peter F. Drucker. 8s. 6d. SKETCH OF A SCHOOL. By Cheironax. 5s. JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD.—RUN MASKED. By Robb White. 7s. 6d. THE KING WAS IN HIS COUNTING HOUSE. By Branch Cabell. 7s. 6d. MASSIE.—LOUIS XV. By Alfred Leroy. 8s. 6d. SCHOOL EXPERIMENTS IN WARFARE CHEMISTRY. By Dr. W. Kinttof. 6s. and 7s. 6d. MACMILLAN.—PERSONAL EFFECTS. By Barbara Willard. 7s. 6d. METHUEN.—YOU NEVER KNOW, DO YOU? and other tales. By A. E. Coppard. 7s. 6d. SCIENTIFIC BOOK CLUB.—A HUNDRED YEARS OF MEDICINE. By Wyndham E. B. Lloyd. 2s. 6d. MARTIN SECKER.—THE BOOK OF THE WORDS. By Henry Maxwell. 10s. 6d. UNIVERSITY OF LONDON PRESS.—TEN GRADED PLAYS. By T. Farrell Mitchell and Ellen W. Garrow. 1s. 9d. ARTHUR BARKER.—AROUND GOLF. By J. S. F. Morrison. Illustrated. 15s. BACKGROUND OF CRICKET. By Sir Home Gordon, Bart. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. CASSELL.—HUNTIN', SHOOTIN' AND FISHIN'. By K. R. G. Browne. Illustrated by A. H. d'Egville. 5s. CONSTABLE.—BERNARD'S BRETHREN. By Charles MacMahon Shaw. 10s. GENEVA. By Bernard Shaw. Illustrated by Feliks Topolski. 7s. 6d. PETER DAVIES.—LOVE YOU THE MAN? By Ruth Gray. 7s. 6d. DUCKWORTH.—PILOT'S SUMMER. By F. D. Tredrey. Illustrated. 8s. 6d. THE ISLAND OF ZEUS: Wanderings in Crete. By Ralph Brewster. Illustrated. 15s.

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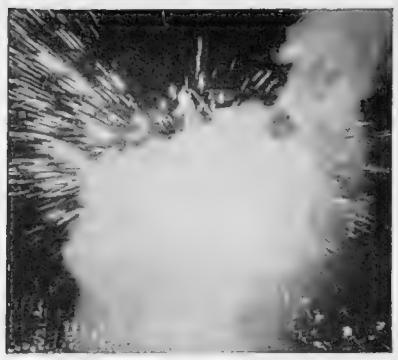

THE WRONG WAY to treat an incendiary bomb is to play a jet of water on to it, as a mild explosion results and flaming pieces of magnesium are thrown in all directions. Each flying particle could easily start a new fire

THE RIGHT WAY to put out an incendiary bomb is to direct upon it a finely divided spray. In the absence of the necessary spraying equipment it should be smothered in sand and removed with a long-handled shovel

A NEW STATUS FOR A.R.P.

A Development that will be Welcomed by All who Have to Do with Passive Defence

FOR its June setting, A.R.P. has a dour pause, lest any aggressive step should speed up Anglo-Russian accord. On the other hand, ample time for Russia to make the best bargain with the western allies might prejudice Nazi plans. In this delicate interval, when a word from Herr Hitler would start the wheels of conciliation and industry revolving all round the world, heavy sarcasm, blunted by over-much use, is about all that issues from Berlin, while Rome in the same key dutifully quotes the national poet :

". . . Tuus. . . . quid optes
Explorare labor ; mihi jussa capessere fas est "

—the Virgilian paraphrase for, standing by for orders.

Meantime our motto is "push on with defence." A gesture which expresses itself more and more in terms of a growing collective understanding gradually imposing its influence on functionaries and methods of administration. The spirit of democracy active instead of passive. In A.R.P., as in the House of Commons and elsewhere, unity of purpose bulks larger than differences of opinion over details inherent in subsidiary problems involved, and this welding power may be relied on to effect their solution.

It has long been seen that A.R.P. is destined to take its official place beside the other three Services, starting with the R.A.F. A significant step in this direction is taken by the decision that anti-aircraft units may take part in local air-raid precaution exercises and displays. The cost will be paid out of the training grant allotment of the Anti-Aircraft Formation. This information has been sent to all local authorities in a circular issued by the A.R.P. department. It is asked that, when aircraft are desired to take part, dates in mid-week should be selected where possible, instead of at week-ends.

Just an evolutionary incident, but suggesting inclusion with the "regulars." In his contacts with the public the warden is never quite sure if he is distributing trade circulars or come to read the meter at an awkward hour. Anything that inclines his status away from the amateur towards the professional is all to the good. It puts him, as it were, in service uniform. Uniform is a power, as everyone glimpsing a constable knows, whether the particular member of the force be a magnetic personality or not. Certainly wardens need all the intangible insignia of office available. For—with some startling exceptions—we are a shy lot. With an anti-aircraft unit on the spot, domestic servants won't make jokes from upstairs windows when we go about our "exercises." These things are psychology, my masters, but imponderables pull their weight in the tug-of-war.

There is plenty of good material in our rank and file. What we lack is leadership. Our leaders for the most part are either too diffident or victims of a funny sort of Hitleria. We want men accustomed to handle and get the best out of men. Whether retired colonels or factory foremen is quite immaterial.

In a similar way professional relationship grows closer between the R.A.F. and the Women's Auxiliary Service companies, now numbering forty-eight; each affiliated to an Auxiliary Air Force flying squadron or balloon centre as preliminary to enrolment in a separate service. Over 5,000 applications to enrol are being dealt with, the present establishment consisting of 3,216, each company mustering sixty-seven, and comprising clerks, orderlies, equipment assistants, cooks and motor-drivers.

The defence exercises that are being planned for August promise to be a big thing in full dress rehearsals. Householders are asked to join in an evacuation test. Is there a chance here for an appeal, launched in good time, that as many Londoners as possible should arrange for their holiday exodus to take place on given dates, and be carried out by road and rail in as close conformity as may be with the Government's evacuation scheme? Now that we are all in the "front line," periodical evacuation practice in bulk should be as much a commonplace as autumn manœuvres. With a little coaxing, public spirit might go so far as to submit to the commandeering of motor cars for the occasion. In play, of course; but admirable practice for all official and public bodies concerned. Benevolent institutions in the habit of transporting crowds of children from poor districts to the seaside and elsewhere might be similarly approached. There may be some hitches of course, but it is precisely our business to ascertain where these may arise. "Failure is not failure, nor waste wasted, if it sweeps away illusion and lights the road to a plan."

ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT: This is one of the 300 air-raid warning and all clear sirens which were tried out on June 6 in the London police area. On the whole the test was satisfactory, although the opinion was expressed that it would be of advantage to differentiate even more clearly between the warning and all clear signals

Search for the quite satisfactory air-raid siren continues. Between 8.30 a.m. and 8.35 a.m. on June 6 all the 300 sirens in the London police area sounded the "raiders coming" and the "raiders past"; the first a high pitched warble; the other a steady note. The general opinion seems to be that most people would have heard and discriminated between the two warnings if they had been on the alert, but that the sound was not strong enough to attract attention, notwithstanding the many open windows due to the warm weather. Open windows would hardly be prevalent in war-time. An important criticism was that the "warble" is not sufficiently pronounced. Where more than one warning could be heard there might be some risk of confusing the one call with the other. A comprehensive report on the value of the sirens will be issued after examination of the notes made by 5,000 Metropolitan and City police.

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CVS—14

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MUSIC IN THE GREAT SOUTH-WEST:

The Tunes that Appeal to the Hard-riding Cowboy

I WAS sitting talking to Carlile Tucker, the musical Bernard Shaw of El Paso; and I asked him:

"Tuck, help me develop the topic of music in the south-west."

The subject has been turning over in my mind for a number of years.

"I can't," said Tucker. "I have never heard any music in the south-west, so I can't possibly help you develop the topic."

It was characteristic and it had its point. In the minds of many people music and the south-west have been intertwined, particularly in the minds of people who do not know the south-west, but who have only read of it. The outstanding reasons for this, of course, are the music of the Mexicans and the music of the cowboys. But anyone who set himself to write about music in the south-west would be baffled for many years, as I have been baffled for many years. It was only Tucker's remark, combined with a series of lessons I heard him give the next morning, that made the pieces of the pattern fall into place. Yet music is one of the most important elements of the south-west, as everyone has guessed, without ever being able to say why.

The music of the Mexicans is important, and it is authentic. This remains true, although "Rancho Grande" might have been written by the Irving Berlin of Mexico, or the Giuseppe Verdi of Mexico, if it had not grown up out of the ideology and, more particularly, the emotion of the people. The true tipica orchestra, and it is more and more difficult to find, plays a music that is either all fire or all waterfall; and it defies any recognisable category. At the same time it remains haunting. But there are more and more gatherings of Mexican people at which the music is jazz, even though it is played on instruments that were meant for mesquite and moonlight. This phenomenon, however, probably belongs to another chapter. The cowboy music is more relevant to the question at issue.

By the "cowboy" music I do not mean now exclusively, or even primarily, the music which cowboys have composed, or the music that has grown up among cowboys around campfires on lonely plateaus or in hidden canyons, or even the music composed by men who have never been nearer a pitching horse than Hollywood, even though it be composed around cowboy themes. I mean, first of all, the music that cowboys crave, the music that they listen to, the music that obviously provides them, of all people, with escape. Just why a cowboy should feel an escape impulse is a difficult question, but the fact remains that he conspicuously does. For this reason the music that is reeled off the phonograph records in sundry bars, cafes, and taverns is perhaps to-day the most significant music in the south-west.

I am not arguing now about a definition of music. I am calling anything music which any other vital group of human beings calls music. I am allowing the cowboy to declare that a certain combination of sounds is music, just as I allow the Javanese or the Chinese to declare that certain other groups of sound are music.

I stood in a Las Cruces, New Mexico, bar the other night for two hours; and during that period twenty-six nickels were inserted into the phonograph. Twenty-six times there was played a song the refrain of which was:—

"I don't worry 'cause it makes no difference now."

It was the old music-hall story of a man and woman who had parted, who still loved each other, but who obviously would never be reunited. Old primitive emotions of pride, jealousy, stubbornness, sense of being misunderstood, misjudged, distrusted . . . emotions of regret, remorse, contrition . . . were ventilated; and hard-boiled cowboys and cattlemen and horse-breeders, hairy-armed, hairy-chested, iron-fisted "he-men" looked moon-eyed into distance, while some of them wept into their whisky.

I was talking to "Pop" Raney, the proprietor—"Pop," who will lend anybody a dollar, or lend him ten, or find him a place to sleep, or see to it that he gets a meal, or shoot from the hip if necessary; and I asked:

"Pop, how many broken-hearted men are there in Dona Ana County—between here and the Organ Mountains, for example?"

And Pop replied:

"God knows, Springer. But they give themselves away every time they play that record."

And that is why I say that the "cowboy music" is the most important music in the south-west. Especially the music that is ground off the nickel phonographs in the bars. The music of lonely and hard-bitten men.

Nelson Springer

THE HAWTHORN BLOOMS in the Essex lowlands. An early summer picture

A Rural Commentary:

By Muriel Haywood

THERE is a delicate beauty about the meadowlands to-day. In this—their earlier flowering—their charm may even perhaps exceed that richer and more abundant bloom which they present in the later summer.

For the birdland folk the days are not of a sufficient length to contain their many activities. And they fill these seasonable days with a delight of winged movement and harmonious music; lacking which, for the nature lover, the spring and summer time would lose the greater part of its beauty. And it is owing to these varied activities that the finely decorated hedgerow is extending a kindly hospitality, at present, to many a feathery visitor.

Closely hidden underneath the green and white mantle of these ancient maybushes are a number of small abodes just now. The builders of these have shown a nice discrimination in the materials of which they have made use; some of them being, indeed, famous for their skill. So here, where a thickly flowering spray affords shade to an entanglement of thorny twigs, the chaffinch has placed her nest. Carefully and cleverly has the moss and wool been welded together; and so cunningly has the outer covering been planned that the whole structure appears to be growing as a natural part of its surroundings. It is now empty of its former inhabitants, for the chaffinch babies have left their nursery and are at the moment perched up in a sycamore tree. They are swaying about somewhat unsteadily, apparently finding it difficult to maintain a hold upon their twig. They are wearing an indeterminate dress, rather like that worn by their mother, and upon their heads an odd little tuft of feathers indicates their youth.

And next, with a surprising unexpectedness, a small personage flings himself into the air the while he gives voice to a high-pitched exultant song. As he comes down once more he can be identified by the rust-brown, ochre and grey tints of his attire—by the soft white tie he wears—to be a whitethroat.

And then he sits and continues to sing; and not very far away his wife is busy brooding her five eggs. The abode of the whitethroat pair is low down amid the undergrowth, which is thick about it. It is fashioned of dried grasses and little roots, and is provided with a lining of horsehair, the whole being somewhat loosely put together. There is not to be found here that precision and neat finish which is so noticeable in the nest of the chaffinch.

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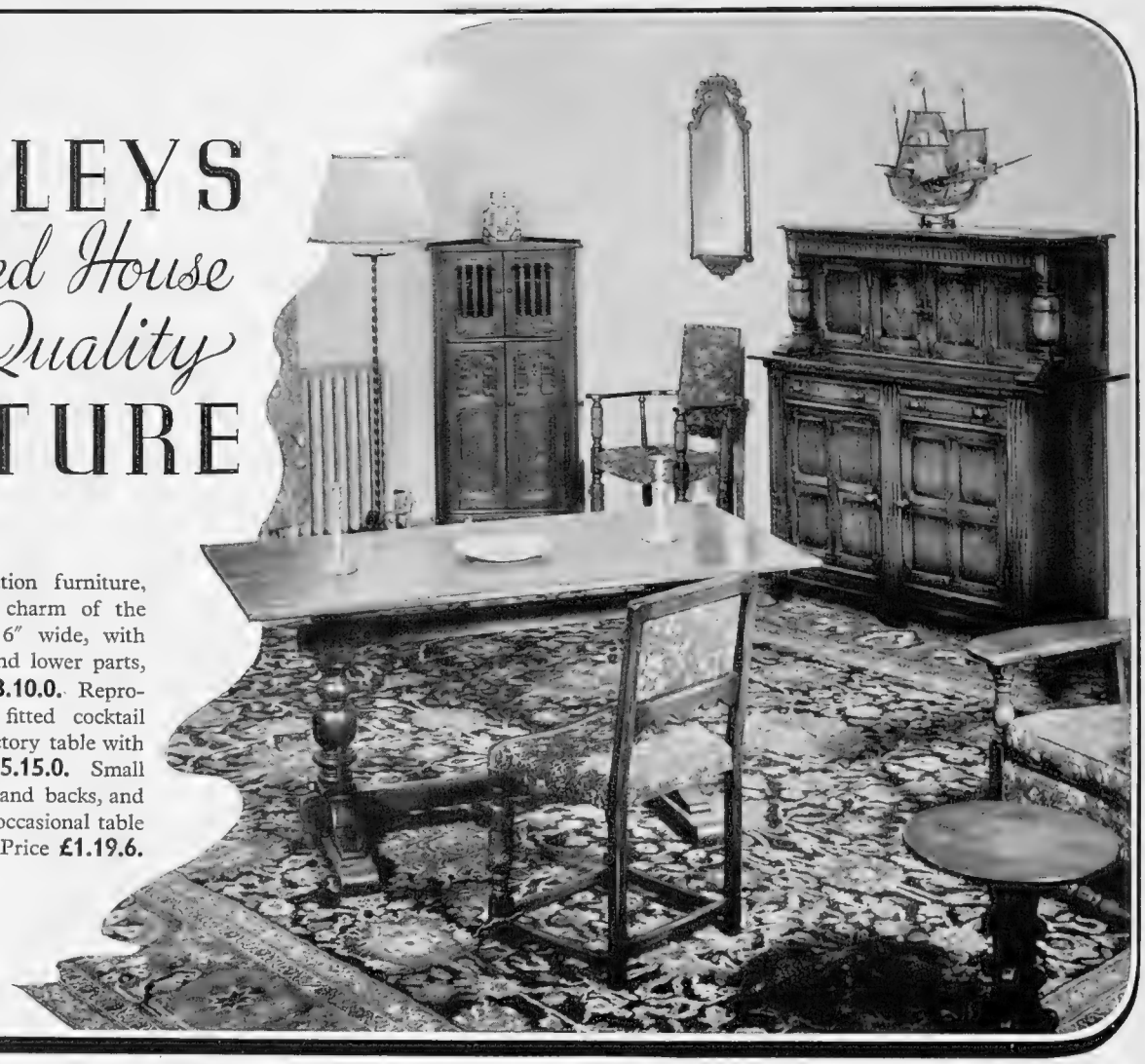

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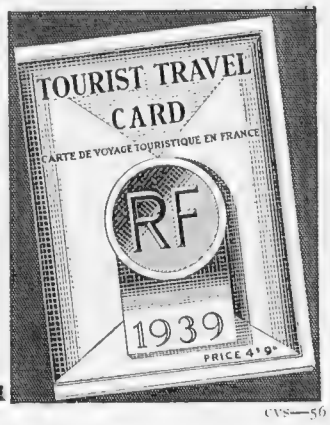

CVS—56

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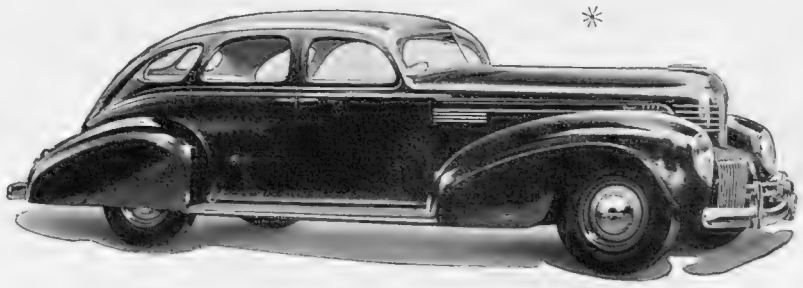

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CATCH MORE FISH AND MAKE MORE GUNS (*Continued from page* 532)

The Russians are others who are invading the sea. Their great efforts in the White Sea and Arctic Ocean are known. They want dominion here, for the future, when the ice-world may be more subdued by man than now dreamt of. Not so well known is it that the U.S.S.R. has reduced her herring purchases from us from 2,500,000 barrels a year to a mere 20,000. Russian fishing grounds off Kamchatka, waters once monopolised by the Japanese, have risen tenfold in number, to a round 300, inside a dozen years. But the Japanese did not take it lying down. They built those canneries which, operating against all reason, in the same manner as off Canada and Alaska, brought the swift and inevitable sequel. Catches at first rose dizzily round Kamchatka, but presently diminishing returns set in, and to-day the whole region lies gravely damaged.

As the Japanese are made to retreat from waters here they descend on waters there. At this stage they are bestowing the benefit of their presence particularly on the south Atlantic, off Argentina, and off Central America. Newcomers to the whale industry, they and the Germans can now claim a fifth of total killing. The chief hunt is for the blue and fin whales, which were being exterminated at the rate of 30,000 a year until an international stopper was put upon the proceedings a year ago by which the season was restricted to three months and the harpooning of calves, immature specimens, and females with sucklings ruled out.

But will totalitarians who really want something stick to any agreement? Japanese peasants consume the above whale-meat. German scientists are trying to make it edible in the canned state. Its oil is wanted for making soap, where nations can run to soap, or, failing that, in the making of margarine, which, as indicated at the outset, conducts at one remove to an ever-swelling manufacture of guns and explosives. In such circumstances he is an optimist who sees totalitarians permanently sticking by a contract when they can send out their floating factories and from them, guided by aeroplanes and by wireless, shower bomb-harpoons on the huge mammals that carry a vital means to war-waging in their carcasses.

IN BOMBED ICHANG (*Continued from page* 562)

alarm at 2.30 a.m. The whole awful business was repeated. "All clear" again at 3.30 a.m., back to bed, and then another raid at 4.30 a.m.

After each raid a tragic procession passed in front of my house; relatives bearing their wounded to hospital in rickshaws or on improvised stretchers. It is difficult to see what the Japanese will gain by this wholesale slaughter of innocent townspeople. It only seems to increase Chinese hatred of the Japanese and to strengthen their determination never to surrender.

It is amazing how the populace carry on. On the foreshore in front of our office, where the crowds sit idly all day, the usual Chinese city life goes on; streets and foreshore are covered with booths selling whatever stock the shopkeepers have brought for the day from their city shops. The place has the appearance of a continuous fair.

But when an air-raid alarm sounds there is panic while people rush for whatever shelter they can find. Then dead silence falls upon the whole city and its environs until "all clear" sounds. At night, when the people come back into the city, the streets are thronged and eating houses do a roaring business. Shops open their shutters and, although stocks are kept down to a minimum, they manage to continue a profitable trade. Everyone makes the best of opportunity and prices are consequently very high.

There are about forty foreigners left in Ichang excluding the officers and men of H.M.S. *Gannet*. We meet for tennis at the club in the evening, and talk over the situation and discuss plans for evacuation if and when the Japanese arrive to attack the city.

British shipping firms continue to do a good business, running three lines from here—one up river to Chungking, one down to Shasi (half-way to Hankow) and the third to Changsha and Changteh. Cargo moves very freely within these restricted areas and passenger traffic to Chungking continues to be tremendous.

So far, food is plentiful and we get limited supplies of foreign goods via Indo-China, Kunming (Yunnan), and Chungking. The cost of imported drinks is very high and we are learning to use Chinese wine as the basis for cocktails when occasion demands the indulgence of such a luxury. Cigarettes come by creeks and by-ways from Hankow and Changsha, probably originating at Shanghai.

I close to catch the bi-weekly air mail to Chungking . . .

ROBBERY AT THE LOUVRE:

It was about 4 p.m. on a Sunday, when the Louvre receives so many visitors, that the "L'Indifférent," by Watteau, was suddenly noticed to be missing from its place. At first it was thought that the picture was one of several which had recently been lent to important art exhibitions abroad. But there was no ticket pinned on the wall, as is the custom, to indicate the reasons for its absence. The alarm was given. The directors of the famous museum were informed and details of the theft were transmitted to the police all over the world. The theft was certainly an audacious one, for it was carried out in full daylight just at the hour and the day of the week when the Louvre galleries are most crowded. This is the most sensational robbery since that of the "Mona Lisa," stolen from the Louvre in 1911 and rediscovered in Florence two years later.

The picture, which at the beginning of this week had not been recovered, forms part of the French art collection left to the nation by M. Lacazes. It is one of Watteau's greatest masterpieces and is remarkable for its subtle harmonies

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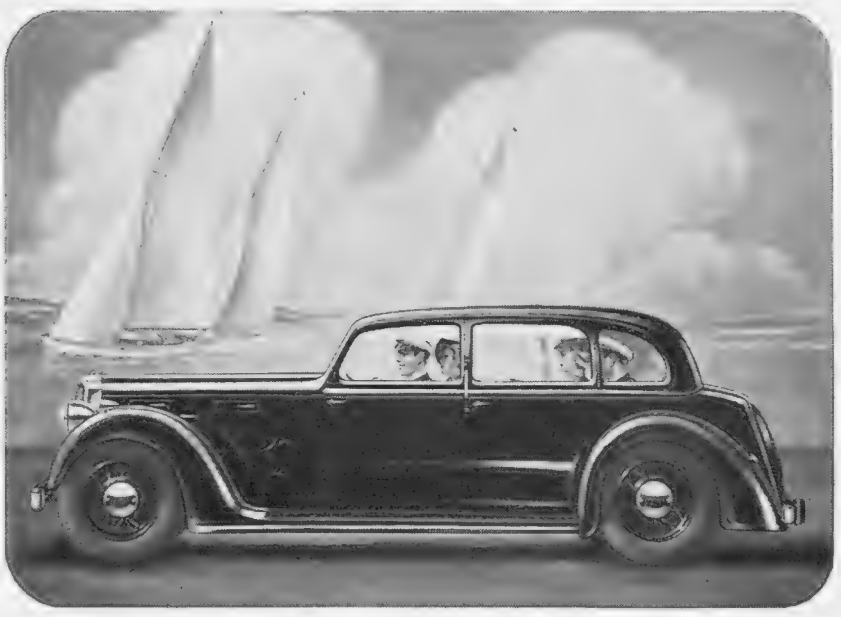

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FRANK SALISBURY'S CORONATION PAINTING: A detail of his great canvas depicting the Royal progress from Buckingham Palace to the Abbey. It is now on view at the Suffolk Street Galleries

WALLPAPER THROUGH THE AGES

An Unusual Exhibition in Bruton Street, and Other News of Artistic Interest

The United Society of Artists is holding quite an interesting exhibition at the Suffolk Street Galleries. This society was originally founded to provide an opportunity for unknown artists to exhibit, and many of the early exhibitors have since made names for themselves in the art world.

There are some excellent chalk drawings of ballet dancers by Dorothy King, Nos. 36 and 44, and Harold Gresley's water-colour "The Road to the Sea, Pwllheli" is an undoubted success.

Amongst the oil paintings the Salisbury Coronation Painting is quite the outstanding feature of the exhibition. Several of the original portrait drawings of characters in the procession are exhibited below the painting, and one feels that Mr. Frank Salisbury has tackled a difficult problem with considerable skill.

THE vagary of fashion is most conspicuously associated with dress, but a study of the past reveals fashion in operation in almost every walk of life. It applies to the decoration of rooms just as much as to the dress of the people who occupied them.

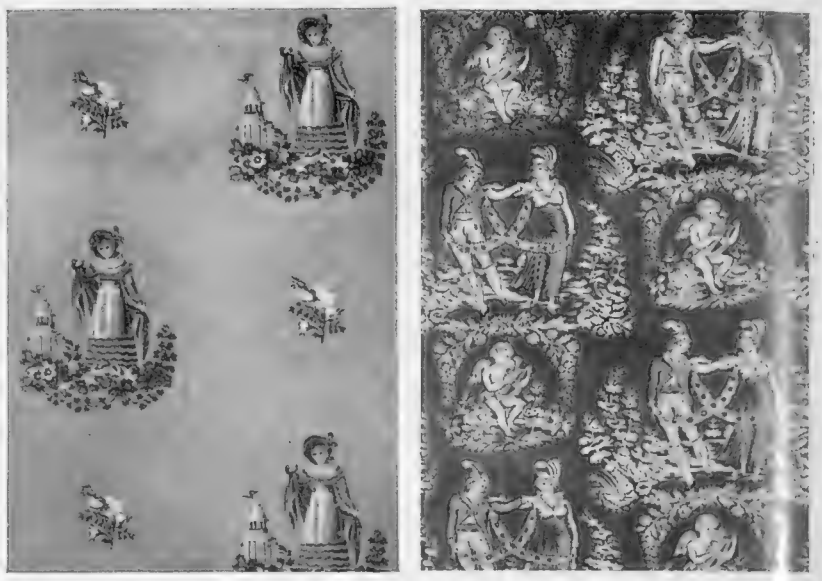
At Sybil Colefax and John Fowler's showrooms at 24, Bruton Street, there is an exhibition of "Two Centuries of Wallpapers," and here we can see a rich variety of changing styles in design, from an early wallpaper of the 1690's to the late-nineteenth-century styles.

The earliest exhibits are of particular interest in that they were found in Park Lane, dumped in a dust cart collecting the accumulated piles of rubbish laid bare by the house-breakers at demolition work. There are four sheets shown, all richly decorated with flowers and trees, and printed in black, green, and orange on a cream paper. They represent various scenes of the period. One a lady at a fountain with a small black attendant; another of a hunting scene with the hounds attacking the stag; the third is obviously of Oriental inspiration; whilst the fourth shows a house built in the Dutch style, and a man with a gun—probably returning from duck-shooting, as two ornate birds are shown flying low overhead.

These designs are supposed to be the work of a Dutch artist, but as at that period there were definitely Dutch styles in England, under the encouragement of William and Mary, it is quite probable that the wallpaper is actually English.

There are several extremely interesting eighteenth-century papers, for the most part of French design, discovered at various times by M. Mauny, who for many years has made an exhaustive study of this subject. One of them was found in Robespierre's room at No. 398, Faubourg St. Honore. Mostly these designs represent large floral or bird patterns and are, of course, block prints. The late-eighteenth and early-nineteenth-century designs are more frequently characterised by a figure interest. The dancing figures are typical of this period, as also is a particularly charming blue paper with tables and chairs laid out for tea and coffee parties—a characteristic record of fashionable indulgences of the eighteenth century.

The Regency period is expressed in gilded decorations and drapery, bursting forth into the more ornate floral decorations of the Victorian era. There is a considerable selection here to attract all those interested in the surroundings of our forefathers.



MURAL DECORATIONS IN THE GEORGIAN ERA: *Left*—A wallpaper of about 1820 and (*right*) a French wallpaper of the year 1798. They are displayed at the "Two Centuries of Wallpapers" exhibition which is being held at 24, Bruton St.

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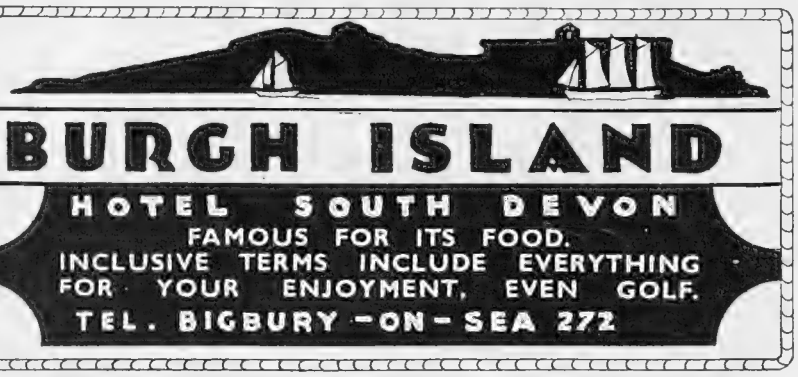

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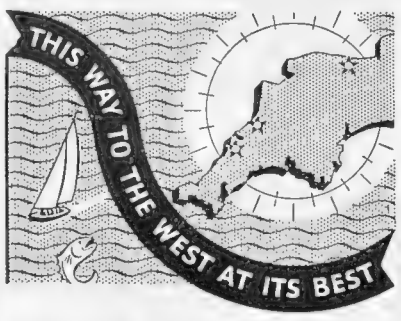

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The Savoy Celebrates Its Fiftieth Always Kept Just Ahead of th

BRITISH visitors to American cities are always impressed with the efficiency and up-to-dateness of their hotels. They return with memories of their room service, the writing tables, the iced water, the speed of laundering, the methods by which telephone messages are delivered, the free newspaper. But what they do not realise is that many of these seeming innovations had their genesis in England in what many believe to be the finest hotel in the world—the Savoy, London.

This year, the Savoy celebrates its fiftieth birthday. It was conceived in an era when luxury hotels, such as the Grand, at Rome, and the Ritz, Paris, were the order of the day. It came into being in an age when it was not conventionally correct to dine in a public restaurant—and most certainly not on a Sunday night. Yet, from the start, the success of the Savoy was assured, because its directorate have ever been active in harness, and pioneers.

Last week I went over the Savoy, and I started on my tour from the most unexpected of spots—the roof. It is a curious fact that the Savoy is the only hotel in London immediately overlooking the Thames. And what a view it commands! The new Waterloo Bridge taking shape below. To the left, the Tower Bridge and the Pool of London. To the right, the Houses of Parliament and those newer buildings which now grace both banks of London's river. All around, the heart of London's life was throbbing. Below me, under my feet, was all the activity of Arnold Bennett's Grand Babylon Hotel in full force—the Savoy.

But there was another purpose in starting my tour from the roof. Behind me were great air ducts, where London's air was washed and purified before being distributed throughout the length and breadth of the hotel. The Savoy is the only hotel in the world to have adopted such a comprehensive installation of air conditioning. America is now following in the wake of the pioneers.

Not only is every bedroom so air-conditioned that the atmosphere is purer than out of doors, but each room is sound-proof and has thermostatically controlled central heating. No twiddling of knobs to turn the heat off or on. You pull a lever, and the temperature adjusts itself to your liking.

In inspecting hotel bedrooms, one must often admit that having seen one or two one has seen the lot. Not so at the Savoy. Every bedroom and every bathroom strikes its individual note, yet each has the common characteristic of forethought for one's slightest needs. A post office telephone in every bathroom, just in case you do not happen to hear your bedroom telephone ring when

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ou are in the bath. Hard and soft towels, and even a hard and soft side to the mattress—for the Savoy directorate have remembered the nursery rhyme of "Jack Sprat," and if such queries arise about bacon, they foresaw differences of opinion as regards mattresses, and even bedside lights (each bed has its independent light).

Quiet luxury pervades every room. Every sofa and chair covering is quadrupled. "There is a big noise," the manager told me, "if a visitor detects a tiny spot." There is everything in these Savoy bedrooms except dust. Long-length wardrobes, coat-hangers—a baker's dozen, at least—writing desks that inspire writing, and always the soft tread of luxurious pile carpet.

But the bedrooms at the Savoy are but one aspect of hotel pioneering. Every corridor has its individual characteristics. I could not understand this until it was pointed out that the decoration of the corridors is so graduated that there is a breaking of colour.

The public rooms of the Savoy are so well known that little need be said. But where else in the world is there such a vivid picture of life as in the grill room of the Savoy at lunch-time, in the restaurant or the ballroom at night? I visited one of the private banqueting halls. I had the privilege of passing through the kitchens at probably their busiest time; and afterwards I pondered on the wonderful delicacy of that human machinery without which no mechanical devices could function.

What is the secret of the Savoy being still to-day, after fifty years, the finest hotel in the world? I believe that first of all it is due to the fact that, large as it is, it is not too large for the personal touch. But of greater consequence is the fact that the Savoy, in making money, have always spent money wisely to keep just ahead of the times. More than that, they have a working directorate who live *in* the Savoy and *for* the Savoy.

In this respect, I would like to pay my humble tribute to Sir George Reeves-Smith, who for forty years has, as managing director, actively and efficiently controlled not only the Savoy and other hotels of the group—the Berkeley and Claridge's—but has also found time to lend his hand to enhance the standard of hotels throughout the world.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32–34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

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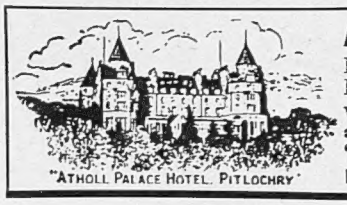

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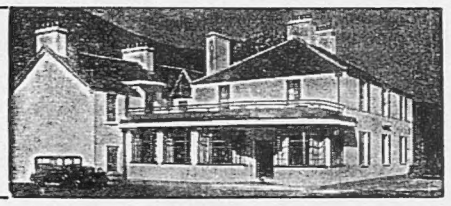

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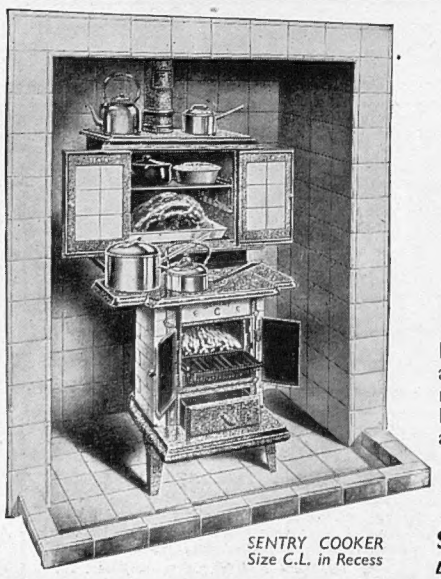

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THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath (Near).—Limpley Stoke Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bath.—Grand Pump Room Hotel. Bath 3266.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon.)—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscastle (Corn.)—Welltown Manor Guest Hse.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Hinton Firs Hotel.
Bridport.—Battlecombe Guest House Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brighton (Saltdean).—Ocean Hotel.
Brighton.—Royal Crescent Hotel. Brighton 4171.
Brixham.—Berry Head House Hotel. Tel. 3314.
Budleigh Salterton.—Rosemullion Hotel.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold House Hotel.
Clacton-on-Sea.—Grosvenor Court.
Crassington.—The Devonshire Hotel. Tel. 25
Cromer.—Overstrand Hotel. Overstrand 229.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dover.—St. Margaret's Bay Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.).—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
East Wittering.—Shore Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel. Telephone 2666.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Telephone 2219.
Frinton.—Grand Hotel.
Goring-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Hailsham (Sussex).—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Harrogate.—The Grand Hotel. Telephone 4631.
Harrogate.—Prospect Hotel.**** Tel. 3015.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lynton.—Lee Abbey Hotel.
Lynton.—Valley of Rocks Hotel.
Lytham St. Annes.—Clifton Arms Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Midhurst.—Spread Eagle Hotel.
Newquay.—Hotel Bristol. On sea front. Tel. 2857
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 2211.
Newton Ferrers (S. Devon).—Sheiling Gst. Hse.
Oakham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Polzeath (N. Cornwall).—Dorrit Hotel.
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sidmouth.—The Torbay Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The William & Mary.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Headland Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.

ENGLAND—*continued*

Torquay.—Lincombe Hall. Tel. 2302.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks.).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weymouth.—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.
Sutton-on-Trent (133¼).—Old England Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

LONDON

Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Bryan House, Blackheath, S.E.3.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl. W.8. Wes. 812
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7
United Services Hotel, S.W.7. Tel. Wes. 7131.

SCOTLAND

Braemar.—Fife Arms Hotel.
Callander.—Dreadnought Hotel.
Callander.—Palace Hotel.
Dunblane.—Dunblane Hydro.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—New Carlton Hotel.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel. Tel. 7.
Gairloch (Ross-shire).—The Gairloch Hotel.
Grantown-on-Spey.—Grant Arms Hotel.
Glen o' Dee (Banchory).—Royal Deeside Hotel.
Gullane.—The Marine Hotel.
North Berwick.—Marine Hotel.
Oban.—Alexandra Hotel.
Onich.—Creagdhu Hotel.
Peebles.—Peebles Hydro.
Perthshire.—Amulree Hotel, Sma' Glen.
Perthshire.—Castle Hotel, Glendevon.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Pitlochry Hydro.
Rothesay.—Glenburn Hotel.
Skelmorlie.—Skelmorlie Hydro.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.
Troon.—Marine Hotel.
Tweedsmuir.—The Crook Inn.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

WALES

Conway.—Oakwood Park Hotel.
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Facing sea.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakeley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Bundoran (Co. Donegal).—Gt. N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.
Rosapenna (Co. Donegal).—Rosapenna Hotel.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

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Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Telegrams: Lonhotel, Anvers.

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Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel.—Sea front. Near Golf. Casino. Bathing. Tennis. Special early season rates.

FRANCE.

Antibes.—Grand Hotel du Cap D'Antibes et Pavillon Eden-Roc.—Unique situation, between Cannes and Nice.

Aix-les-Bains.—Hotel Beau Lieu.—Family hotel. Famous cooking. Moderate terms. Open all the year.

Chamonix (Mt. Blanc).—Hotel Bellevue.—Open all the year. Family hotel with all latest comfort. Large garden.

Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest adjoining Casino. Every possible comfort. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

Le Touquet (P. de C.).—Golf Hotel.—Facing links. New lounge and American bar. Special privilege of daily green free.

Le Touquet.—Hotel Regina.—Facing Sea. Opposite Swimming Pool. First-class residential hotel. Attractive inclusive rates.

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GERMANY.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest) Brenners Parkhotel, Family Hotel de Luxe.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renovated, facing Kurpark, a home fm. home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Bad Gastein.—Grand Hotel.-Gasteinerhof.—Sunniest hotel. 1st cl. 180 bedr'ms. Pens. from RM.9.50. Patr. by English soc. Open in winter.

Bad Gastein.—Hotel Des Kaiserhof.—First-class hotel. Situated amidst own park.

Bad Gastein.—Hotel Straubinger.—First-class family hotel, 200 rooms. Thermal-bath in hotel, garage. Pension from RM. 10 upwards.

Bad Gastein.—Parkhotel Bellevue.—The house of international society. 360 beds. £1 a day.

Bad Nauheim.—Der Kaiserhof.—First-class Hotel. Large garden, facing baths and Kurpark. 150 rooms, 50 bathrooms. Pension from RM.11.

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Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. hotel. Dir. pos. on river Elbe. Garden, park, terraces, bar, orchestra, gar. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Dusseldorf.—Breidenbacher Hof.—Ldg. htl. Wrld-rend. Fav. home of int. soc. Fam. "Grill." Am. Bar. Orch. Gar. 150 R. fr. 6.—75 Pr. B, fr. 9.

Frankfort-on-Main.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof—Leading, but not expensive. Grill room. Bar.

Franzensbad.—Hotel Königsvilla.—The leading hotel near Bath-houses and Springs. Own large Garden.

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Garmisch-Partenkirchen.—Bavarian Alps.—**Park Hotel. "Alpenhof."**—Ldg Hotel in best cent. sit. Evy. cmft. Prosp. Prop.: Hanns Kilian.

Igls/Tyrol.—Golf Hotel Iglerhof.—Leading hotel in Tyrolean Alps. All modern comfort. Golf course. Bathing. Moderate terms.

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GERMANY—*continued.*

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Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—World-rnd. Finest pos. opp. Park & Opera. Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Pat'd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. 12 Mks.

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Wiesbaden.—Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten.—(Four seasons). Select home of Soc. Best posit. op. Kurhaus, Opera, Parks. Pension from RM.12.

POLAND.

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Lucerne.—The Palace.—Leading hotel in unrivalled situation directly on lake shore. Quiet, yet central. Full pension from frc. 15.50.

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